MAY 1955

WHO TAPS WIRES IN CHICAGO?

Chicago

MY EIGHT DAYS IN MOSCOW

BUYING A HOME MEANS CHOOSING A SCHOOL

25 cents

"Take my empire . . .
Just give me a drink
made with
FLEISCHMANN'S BOND"

"And, Sire . . .
Fleischmann's Bond
is <u>6 YEARS OLD</u>
. . . to make every
drink more delicious
than ever!"

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND . . . 100 PROOF
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORP.,
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

PAGE 17

May 1955

Chicago

4 HERE I AM AT DIVORCE VILLAGE, photographs by Don Bronstein

6 WHAT GOES ON HERE

16 WEST OF THE WATER TOWER

22 WIRETAPPING IN CHICAGO by Norman Calhoun

28 MY EIGHT DAYS IN MOSCOW by Ken Henry

34 THE VILLAGE AT THE TOP OF THE TOWN, drawings by Marilyn Robb Trier

36 ELECTRO-MOTIVE: THE HEART OF THE RAILROAD REVOLUTION by Jean Martin

42 BUYING A HOUSE MEANS CHOOSING A SCHOOL by Roy Fisher

48 SO WITH A SWEEPING BOW I SAY FAREWELL, a poem by Richard Brennan

49 THE MEASURING STICK OF AMERICA, a column of comment by James T. Farrell

51 MAN, THIS IS THE END, an idiomatic fantasy by James Hamrick

54 AS WE WERE

55 TRAVEL: FLYING HIGH ON A LOW BUDGET

57 SEASON TO TASTE: WHERE GREEK MEETS GREEK

60 MUSIC: THE FINE ARTS QUARTET

63 THE ONION PATCH

64 READERS & WRITERS

CONTRIBUTORS

The Village at the Top of the Town was founded by a resident of the city at the bottom of Lake county. She is Marilyn Robb Trier of Lake Forest.

The Iron Curtain was parted in February by Ken Henry, who tells what he saw on the other side in **My Eight Days in Moscow.** He is a substitute biology teacher in the city's public high schools, as well as a member of the Olympic speed skating team. He was born here 26 years ago.

The warning that **Buying a House Means Choosing a School** was sounded by Roy Fisher, assistant city editor of the "Daily News." In 1950 he did graduate work in city planning as a Nieman fellow at Harvard university.

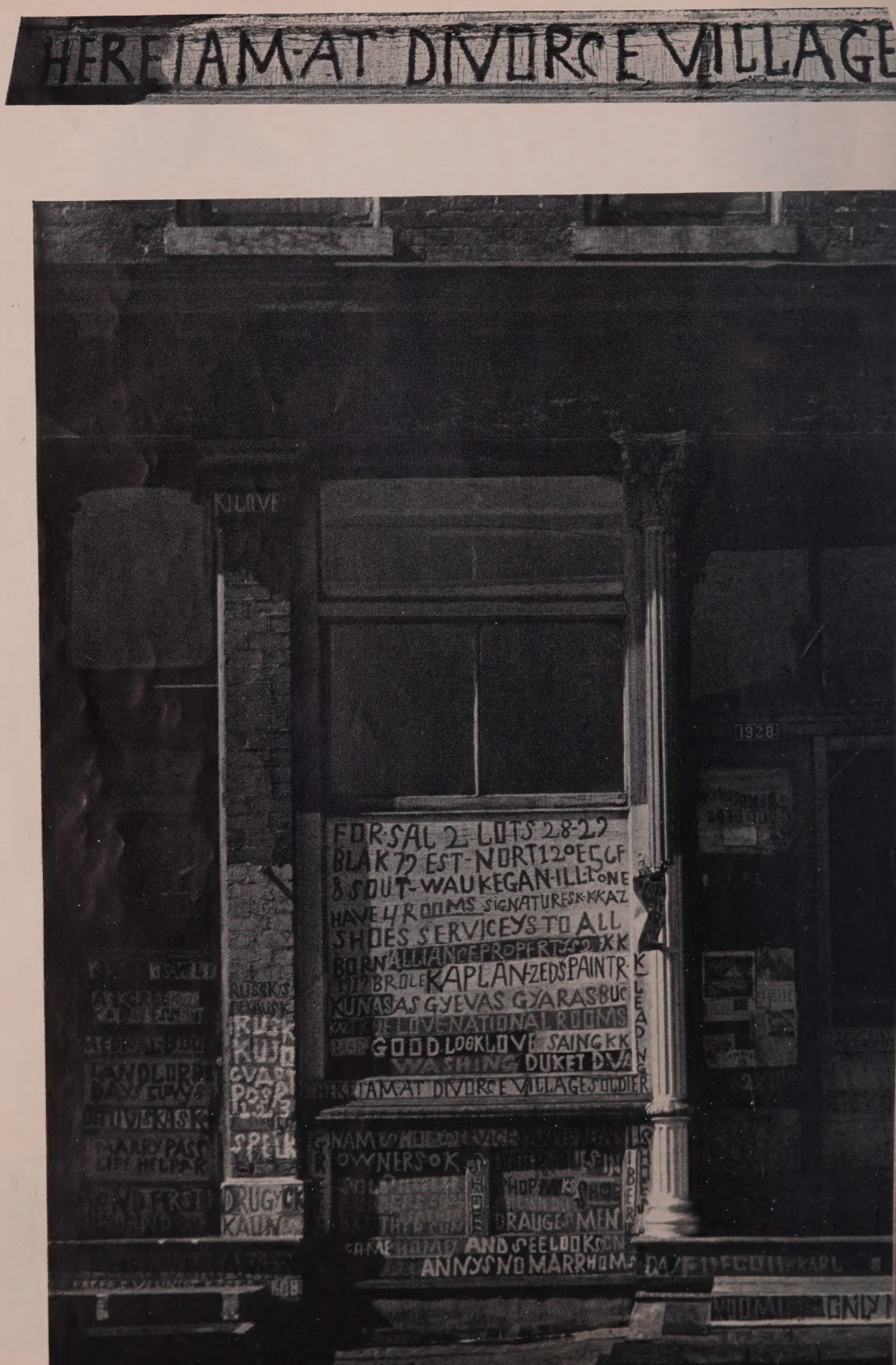
Man, This Is the End is the beginning of published fiction for James Hamrick, another 26-year-old native. He is a Northwestern university graduate.

Still another 26-year old writer represented in this issue is Richard Brennan, who wrote **So With a Sweeping Bow I Say Farewell.**

COVER

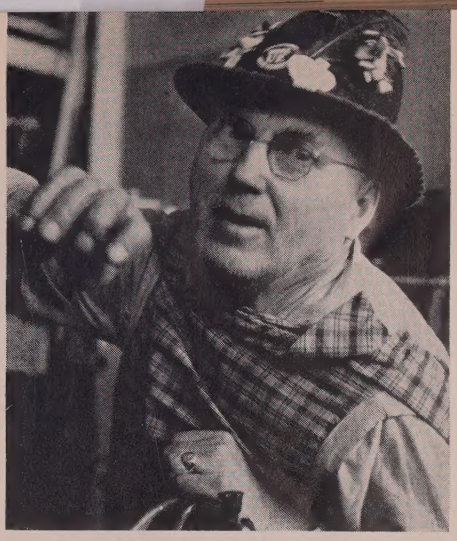
The shotgun wedding of Evanston and Canalport avenue was effected by designer Joe Phelan. Dancers Doris Dickinson and Dan Budinger of the Northwestern university WAA-MU show were photographed by Robert Buchbinder, Charlie Karpis' shoe repair parlor by Don Bronstein.

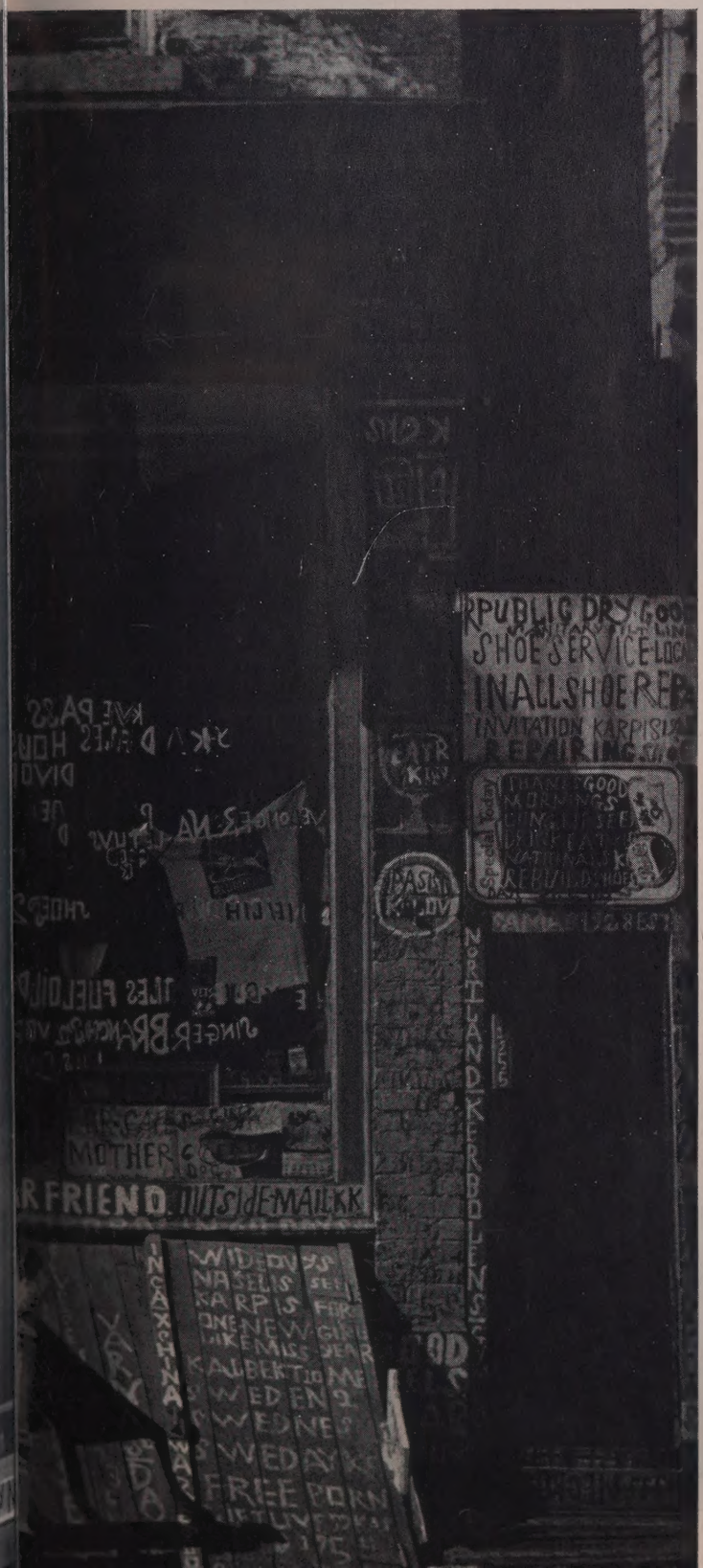
PAGE 28


HERE I AM AT DIVORCE VILLAGE
KLOOVE
FOR SAL 2 LOTS 2-8-22
BLAK 72 EST-NORT 12 OE CGF
& SOUT-WAUKEGAN-ILL-1 ONE
HAVE 4 ROOMS SIGNATURES KKAZ
SHOES SERVICEYS TO ALL
BORN ALLIANCE PROPERTIES KK
KAPLAN-ZEDS PAINTR
GOOD LOOK LOVE SAING KK
DUKET DV
HERE I AM AT DIVORCE VILLAGE SOLDIER
OWNERS OK
DRAUGE MEN
AND SEE LOOK
ANNYS NO MARRIOMS
1928

by Alan Whitney

photographs by Don Bronstein





About 45 years ago, when Charlie Karpis was a teen-ager in Lithuania, he got a job painting the walls and ceilings of churches. Forty years later he started creating the fantastic facade of his shoe repair shop at 1928 Canalport by painting signs in a great variety of colors, spellings and directions. On the day these pictures were taken, he was painting a straw hat red and silver. "Makes it vawderproof," he explained, "in case it rain."

As some of the signs indicate, shoe repairing is not the only business carried on in Karpis' dusty shop on the fringe of the industrial area along the river south of the Loop. He rents the rooms on the second floor of the building, has two lots for sale in Waukegan, where he formerly lived, and offers a line of general merchandise which is limited in quantity but not in variety. Of the tee shirt with the Reynolds Aluminum insignia in the right show window he said: "Got it at 12th [street] store. For two dollars I get four shirts; save 15 cents on each shirt. Somebody wants to buy, I sell." A "like new" gas range sits in the aisle inside the store, ready to be claimed for twelve dollars.

Karpis lives at the rear of the store in a group of tiny compartments with walls of plasterboard reaching about half way to the ceiling. "I'm single," he said. "Divorced. My woman cost me over $25,000. I was married to same woman 27 years. Then we couldn't get along together, so get divorce. I left Vauchegan and came to Chicago."

Karpis' signs are constantly changing, with new ones being painted over the old. Each has a definite meaning, at least to its author, and some take the form of little jokes. One on the inside of the door refers to the presence of "fluor" inside. "You stand in flour; I stand in flour," he said gleefully, pointing to the floor.

The symbol "KK" occurs frequently on the front of the building because the owner's original first name was Kasimir and he was called by his initials in the army. Sometimes he uses his present ones in reverse order, as over the doorway to his living quarters: "Keep out all only K.C. gos."

WHAT GOES ON HERE

listings of local events, with emphasis on entertainment

THEATER

The King and I, Shubert, 22 w. Monroe (CE 6-8240). Patricia Morison plays Anna and Leonard Graves has taken over as the King of Siam in this Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. Closes May 7. Nightly except Sun., 8:20; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:20.

The Rainmaker, Erlanger, 127 n. Clark (ST 2-2459). Geraldine Page, in a lighter than usual role, portrays Lizzie Curry, a rancher's daughter whose life is changed by a western con man. Closes May 7. Nightly except Sun., 8:30 (Tue., 7:30); mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

Tea and Sympathy, Blackstone, 60 Balbo (CE 6-8240). Robert Anderson's study of the effects of whispered accusations of perversion in a prep school. Deborah Kerr stars as the headmaster's wife. Closes May 14. Nightly except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

The Tender Trap, Harris, 170 n. Dearborn (CE 6-8240). A farce about bachelorhood with K. T. Stevens, Russell Nype and Kent Smith. Nightly, 8:30; mat. Sat., 2:30.

This Is Cinerama, Eitel's Palace, 159 Randolph (AN 3-0055). Snitches and snatches of local color from Europe to the Golden Gate. Nightly, Sun.-Thu., 8:30; Fri., 7 & 10. Mat., Mon.-Thu. & Sat., 2:30; Fri., 1; Sun., 2 & 5.

repertory & university

Goodman Memorial, Monroe and Columbus dr. (CE 6-2337). "Lady Windermere's Fan," by Oscar Wilde, May 13 & 14; 17 thru 21; 24 thru 29, 8:30; mat. May 26, 2 p.m.

Northwestern university, Speech building, Evanston campus (UN 4-1907). Bertolt Brecht's "Caucasian Chalk Circle," May 24 thru 28; 8:30 p.m.; mat. May 29, 4 p.m. **Chicago campus** drama group, Thorne hall, Lake Shore & Superior (SU 7-4500). "The Wizard of Oz," a stage adaptation of the screen musical. May 13 & 14, 8:30 p.m.; May 15, 7:30 p.m.; mat. May 14, 2 p.m.

Playwrights theater, 1205 n. Dearborn (WH 3-2272). From May 4, Sean O'Casey's "Juno and the Paycock." Reservations necessary.

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera, Opera house, 20 n. Wacker (FR 2-0566). May 19 thru 22. 19, "Andrea Chenier"; 20, "Manon"; 21, "La Boheme" (mat.), "Barber of Seville"; 22, "Carmen" (mat.), "La Traviata." Eve., 8 p.m.; mat., 2 p.m.

Int'l Society for Contemporary Music, 8th Street theater, 741 s. Wabash (PL 2-5319). May 12, 8:30 p.m., "Renard," Stravinsky & "The Fisherman and His Wife," Leo Stein. Local premieres.

MUSIC

Allied Arts concerts, (FR 2-0566). Unsubscribed series tickets are put on general sale three weeks before concerts. **May 8,** 8:30 p.m., Beniamino Gigli, tenor (Opera House). **21,** 8:30, New York Philharmonic orchestra, Guido Cantelli cond. (Orchestra hall).

Marjory Bradbury, organ, Thorne hall, Lake Shore & Superior (CE 6-3445). May 1, 3:30 p.m.

Leon Kirkpatrick, piano, Fullerton hall, Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). May 1, 8:20 p.m.

Roosevelt University chorus, Roosevelt university, 430 s. Michigan (WA 2-3580). May 2, 8:15 p.m.

Marshall Field chorus, Orchestra hall (HA 7-0363). May 3, 8:30 p.m.

Association of Commerce Glee club, Orchestra hall. May 3, 8:30 p.m.

Shuman Brass choir, Mandel hall, U. of Chicago, 57th & University (MI 3-0800). May 6, 8:30 p.m.

Lithuanian choir, Orchestra hall. May 8, 8:30 p.m.

Paulist choristers, Orchestra hall. May 10, 8:30 p.m.

George Riabikoff, piano, Fullerton hall (CE 6-7080). May 10, 8:30 p.m.

Northside Symphony orchestra, Orchestra hall. May 14, 8:30 p.m.

Community Symphony orchestra, Thorne hall (CE 6-3445). May 22, 3:30 p.m.

more than "art for art's sake"...

The Chicago Galleries Association believes that to *live with* fine paintings, one must recognize, understand and appreciate them. That's why we think that *realism* is the quickest and best key to the attainment of *art you can live with*. Plan to enjoy now our unique circulating plan that enables you to have fine paintings in your own home, at extremely low cost.

Visit the Galleries—or, write or phone for full particulars about our exciting new way to bring you the best in art.

The Galleries are open daily from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. —Saturdays 9 A.M. to 4 P.M. Closed Sundays.

Chicago Galleries Association

30 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 3, Ill.—CEntral 6-9646

WHILE IN CHICAGO

There's nothing that quite compares with the World's largest wholesale buying center

The Merchandise Mart

GUIDED TOURS to see these unique homefurnishings displays approximately every hour from the main lobby of The Merchandise Mart 9:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. Monday through Friday Admission 75c, tax included.

THE MERCHANDISE MART

Swedish Glee club, Orchestra hall. May 22, 2:30 p.m.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Technorama, Illinois Institute of Technology, 33rd & State (CA 5-9600). May 6 & 7, 2 to 10 p.m. Open house, which features on May 7, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., an auto show including classic, antique, hot rod, sports and competition.

Mother's Day floral display, Garfield park (300 n. Central Park) and Lincoln park (Fullerton & Stockton) conservatories (HA 7-5252). May 6 thru 10, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Park District Opera guild, Loyola park, 1233 Greenleaf (HA 7-5252). "Sister Angelica" and "Down in the Valley." May 22, 3 & 8 p.m.

Riverview Amusement park, 3300 n. Western (LA 5-2330). Opens May 18. 11:30 a.m. to midnight; rides begin at 1 p.m. Weekdays, rides close at 5 p.m., begin again at 7.

ART EXHIBITS

Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). **New exhibits:** Japanese folding screens of the 17th and 18th centuries, gallery H-9; from May 6, work by members of Graphic Workshop of Chicago, gallery 11; from May 23, woodcuts by Ichiryusai Hiroshige from the series "One Hundred Views of Edo," gallery H-5; from May 15, documentary photographs of the Latin quarter of Paris by Edouard Van Der Elsken, gallery 5. **Continuing:** thru May 1, drawings by Modigliani from the Alsdorf collection, gallery 17; thru May 29, drawings by Abraham Rattner, gallery 13; thru May 30, annual exhibit by Society for Contemporary American Art, galleries 51, 52 & 53; thru May, masterpiece of the month: a rare color print, portrait of Louis XV by Jacob Christoph Le Blon; three oil studies and 25 preliminary drawings shown with Jack Levine's "The Trial," gallery of art interpretation. Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun. & hol., noon to 5 p.m. Free Wed., Sat., Sun. & hol.

Walter and Harriet Krawiec, paintings of the circus, flowers and domestic scenes. From May 7, Chicago galleries, 30 s. Michigan (CE 6-9646). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sat. to 4 p.m.

John Hawkinson, Fred Lowe and Lia Sayers, paintings and drawings, thru May 19. From May 20, self-portraits by artists in the Old Town Triangle area. Frank Ryan gallery, 1653 n. Wells (MI 2-5411). Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m. to 8 p.m., except Wed. to 6 p.m.

Joyce Treiman, new paintings, featuring a series of illustrations for Dante's "Inferno." Thru May 18, Charles Feingarten gallery, 58 e. Walton (MO 4-0917). Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Hans Erni, new paintings. Thru May, Main Street gallery, 642 n. Michigan (SU 7-6600). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sat., to 6 p.m.

Hugo Weber, recent paintings. From May 10, Allan Frumkin gallery, 152 e. Superior (SU 7-0564). Mon.-Sat., 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Arts Club of Chicago, paintings commissioned by "Fortune" magazine during the last 25 years. From May 12, 109 e. Ontario (SU 7-3997). Mon.-Sat., 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

ALLAN ADLER

handwrought silver and jewelry

EXHIBITION

month of may

leonard LINN inc.

SEGNO THE SIGN OF TODAY'S LIVING

821 chestnut court
Winnetka, Illinois
WInnetka 6-3736

2ND BIG YEAR!

the ONE and ONLY New Dimension!

...And NEW Thrills, Too! In seconds, you're lifted out of your theatre chair, moving breathlessly with the picture, surrounded by adventure, spectacle and awesome scenes such as you've never, never experienced in any theatre before!

NO GLASSES NEEDED!

Don't Miss IT!

PRINT BY TECHNICOLOR

Eitel's PALACE

IN CHICAGO • THE ONLY CINERAMA THEATRE WITHIN 300 MILES!

ANdover 3-0055

"You'd better water this plant, Stella, it's drooping"

Shortsighted Sam is filled with gloom
He thought his lamp had lost its bloom
To an eye physician he'd better go
Then bring his prescription to . . .

Almer Coe

The Finest in Glasses

10 NORTH MICHIGAN, CHICAGO • 1645 ORRINGTON, EVANSTON

for
100
years

Chicago's
Real Estate
Leader

BAIRD & WARNER
INC
215 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago

management • sales • mortgages

Homer Casteel, paintings and prints; **George Biddle,** sculpture; **John Puslis,** photographs. Thru May, Riccardo's restaurant, 437 Rush (SU 7-2874). Mon-Sat., 11:30 a.m. to 4 a.m.; Sun. from 1 p.m.

TOURS

American Airlines, 5245 55th (PO 7-6200, ext. 847). Thru company hangars at Midway airport. Mon.-Thu., 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. Min. group, 15.

Board of Trade, Jackson at La Salle (WA 2-2800). Largest grain market in the world. Mon.-Fri., 9:45 a.m. to 12:40 p.m.

Chicago Mercantile exchange, 110 n. Franklin (RA 6-6490). Trading in butter, eggs and other commodities. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Chicago Tribune, 435 n. Michigan (SU 7-0100). Mon.-Fri., 2, 4 & 8 p.m.

Ford Motor company, 12600 Torrence (MI 6-3100, ext. 250). Assembly plant. Mon.-Fri., 9 & 10 a.m., 1 & 2 p.m.

Merchandise Mart, Mdse. Mart plaza (WH 4-4141). Home furnishing displays. Mon.-Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.

LECTURES

Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). **Art thru Travel series,** Sun., 2:30 p.m., Fullerton hall. **May: 1,** "Norway," Addis Osborne; **8** "Spain," Sadie Kalmon.

Filmorama Holiday, Orchestra hall, 220 s. Michigan (HA 7-0363). May 2, 8:30 p.m. Wide-screen travel movie.

Morton arboretum, route 53, Lisle (Downers Grove 74). Lecture-field trip series. **May: 7,** "Our Spring Wild Flowers"; **14,** "Our Forest Margins"; **21,** "Our Meadows and Roadsides"; **28,** "Some Plants with Stories." 2:30 to 5 p.m. Free.

U. of Chicago lectures, U. of Chicago campus (MI 3-0800). **Walgreen Foundation series:** May 2, 4, 6, 9, 11 & 13. "The Politics of Fear," Marshall Smelser — Social Sciences Research building, 4:30 p.m. Free.

MUSEUMS

Adler planetarium, lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WA 2-1428). Because of extensive remodeling which includes installation of a new inner dome, the lecture chamber remains closed during May. The museum is open, however. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., except Tue. & Fri. to 9 p.m. Free Wed., Sat. & Sun.

Chicago Historical society, Clark & North (MI 2-4600). Special exhibit: rare California prints, 1840-1890, with emphasis on the Gold Rush era. Weekdays, 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol., 12:30 to 5:30 p.m. Free weekdays.

Dearborn observatory, Northwestern university, Sheridan rd., Evanston (UN 4-1900). Open to the public every clear Fri., 8:30 to 10 p.m. Free.

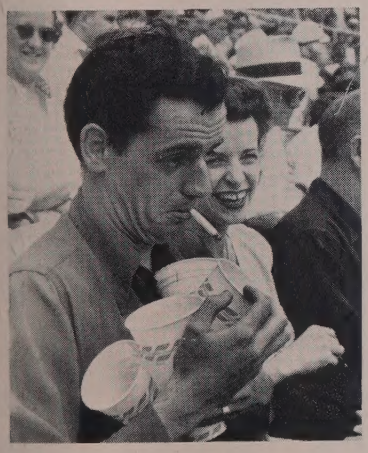
George F. Harding museum, 4835 Lake Park (KE 6-0008). Specializes in medieval armor, arms and art. Daily, 1 to 5 p.m., except Mon. & Sat.

Museum of Science & Industry, 57th & Hyde Park (MU 4-1414). Thru May, "The Story of Pain" is the featured exhibit. Mon.-Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sat. to 5:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol. to 7 p.m. Free.

Natural History museum, Field & Lake Shore drs. (WA 2-9410). Permanent exhibits in anthropology, geology, botany and zoology. Daily, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

Oriental Institute, U. of Chicago, 1155 e. 58th (MI 3-0800). Cultural objects from ancient Near East countries. Tue.-Sat., 10 a.m. to noon, 1 to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m. Free.

Shedd aquarium, lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WE 9-4681). 10,000 specimens of live fish. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.



SPORTS

baseball

Cubs, Wrigley field, Clark & Addison (BU 1-5050). **May: 10 & 11,** Brooklyn; **12 & 13,** Pittsburgh; **14 & 15** (doubleheader), New York; **17 & 18,** Philadelphia; **24, 25 & 26,** St. Louis; **27, 28 & 29,** Milwaukee. 1:30 p.m.

White Sox, Comiskey park, 35th & Shields (WA 4-1000). **May: 1** (doubleheader), Baltimore; **3** (night) **& 4,** Washington; **6** (night), **7 & 8** (doubleheader), Detroit; **20** (night), **21 & 22** (doubleheader), Kansas City; **30** (doubleheader), Cleveland. Day, 1:30 p.m.; night, 8.

golf

Caddy Masters Championship tournament, Butterfield Country club, Midwest road and 31st (ST 2-7484). May 16.

Pro-Pro tournament, Glen Eagles Country club, Lemont (ST 2-7484). May 16.

Illinois P.G.A. two-ball, best-ball championship, Glen Eagles Country club, Lemont (ST 2-7484). May 23, 24 & 25.

harness racing

Maywood park, Fifth & North, Melrose Park (MA 6-4816). Fox Valley meet, thru May. Post time, 8:30 p.m.

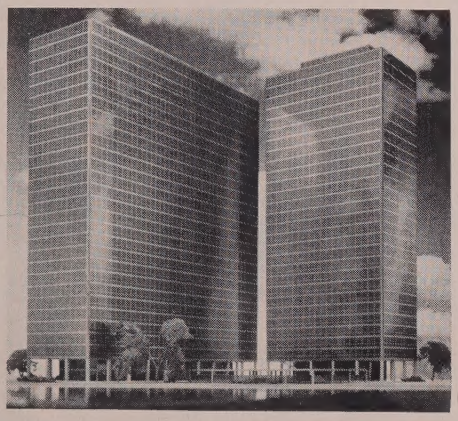
thorobred racing

Sportsman's park, 3301 Laramie, Cicero (BI 2-1121). Thru May 14. Post time, 2 p.m.

Washington park, 175th & Halsted, Homewood (HA 7-3181). Balmoral Jockey club meet, opens May 16. Post time, 2 p.m., Mon.-Fri.; 1:45 p.m. Sat. & hol.

skeet shooting

12th Annual Great Western Skeet championships. Lincoln Park Gun club, Diversey and Lake Shore dr. (LI 9-6490). May 20 thru 22, from 8 a.m.



Now Leasing

"The Esplanade"

900 LAKE SHORE DRIVE

America's Foremost Apartment Buildings

designed by

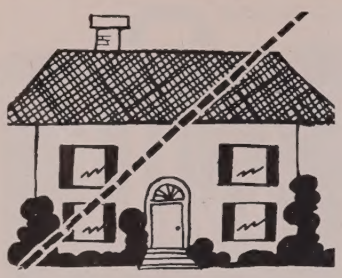
Ludwig Mies van der Rohe

HERBERT REALTY COMPANY

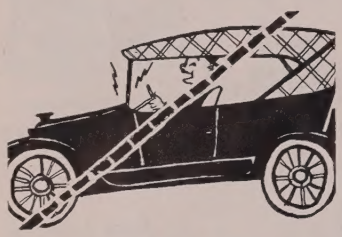
135 SOUTH LA SALLE STREET

Make this amazing STEWARTS Private Blend economy test

Instead of 6 tablespoons for 6 cups, use just 4 of Stewarts Private Blend. This will give you *20 to 25 more cups per pound*—a saving of about *⅓ your cost!* You need less per cup because fancy aged, finer quality coffees in Stewarts Private Blend give it *greater body and flavor.*



AT HOME



IN YOUR CAR

OR AT PLAY

WGN

is always there with the best in music, news and sports.

720
ON YOUR RADIO
The HOT SPOT *on your dial*

stock car racing

Soldier field, s. Lake Shore at 14th st. (HA 7-8677). Every Sat. beginning May 28th. Time trials 6:30 p.m., races 8:30. **1111 e. 87th st.**, (HA 7-8677). Races every Sun. afternoon, beginning May 1. Late model stock cars. Starting time, 2:30 p.m.

yachting

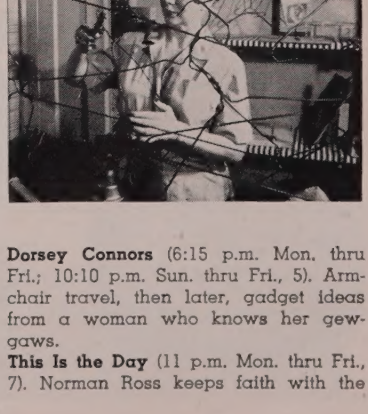
Great Lakes spring championships, Columbia Yacht club, e. Washington at lake front (AN 3-8111). Hank Davies trophy, penguin class. May 28 & 29.

TELEVISION

You Are There (5:30 p.m. Sun., Channel 2). CBS reporters, occasionally in the way, bring history back alive.
U.S. Steel-Elgin Hour (8:30 p.m. Tue., 7) and **Kraft Theater** (8 p.m. Wed., 5). Consistently better dramatic fare. See also color productions of successful plays on **Producers Showcase** (7 p.m. May 2 & 30, 5) and **Best of Broadway** (9 p.m. May 4, 2).
Caesar's Hour (7 p.m. Mon., 5). Perfectionist in a rumpus room. Another comic, **George Gobel** (9 p.m. Sat., 5), is hitting on all six.
Medic (8 p.m. Mon., 5). See your doctor.
Person to Person (9:30 p.m. Fri., 2). Being casual at home in front of 60 million people.
Disneyland (6:30 p.m. Wed., 7). Creations by Disney, from Mickey Mouse to the moon, to say nothing of green cheese.

local shows

How Does Your Garden Grow? (1 p.m. Sun., 5). John Ott, who's all thumbs, each of them green, helps spring bust out all over.
Mr. Wizard (1:30 p.m. Sun., 5). Science as she is spoke to the younger set.
City Desk (2 p.m. Sun., 5). The city's newshounds off and running — and pity the poor hare.
Super-Circus (4 p.m. Sun., 7). Big-top antics with golden-top Mary Hartline.



Dorsey Connors (6:15 p.m. Mon. thru Fri.; 10:10 p.m. Sun. thru Fri., 5). Armchair travel, then later, gadget ideas from a woman who knows her gewgaws.
This Is the Day (11 p.m. Mon. thru Fri., 7). Norman Ross keeps faith with the minor philosophers.
Mahalia Jackson Sings (11 p.m. Thu.; 10:30 p.m. Sun., 2). A shy talker's songs come out wild and holy.
In Town Tonight (10:15 p.m. Mon. thru Fri., 2). A quick musical show that's sometimes just a bit too long.

FOR THE CHILDREN

theater

Goodman Memorial Children's theater, Monroe at Columbus dr. (CE 6-2337). Thru May 29, "Tom Sawyer." Sat., 2:30 p.m., Sun., 3 p.m.; extra performance May 7, 10:30 a.m.

Children's Theater of Evanston (UN 4-3734). Haven school, Prairie at Lincoln, Evanston. "Beauty and the Beast," for children of elementary and intermediate grades. May 6, 2:45 p.m. & May 7, 10 a.m. & 2:30 p.m. For preschool and primary grades, at Nichols school, Greenleaf at Elmwood: "The Dewdrop Necklace," May 14 & 21, 10 a.m., 12:30 & 2:30 p.m.

museums

Chicago Historical society. Clark & North (MI 2-4600). Final programs of slidetalks and films on Chicago and American history. **Museum mornings.** Sat. 10 a.m., May 7, 14 & 21: "Chicago — Then and Now," a review and quiz program, plus two cartoons. **Weekday assemblies,** Wed., 10 a.m., May 11 & 18: "Americans All."
Museum of Science & Industry, 57th & Hyde Park (MU 4-1414). Children who hang back when it's time to go to the doctor or dentist will get a new and friendlier look at these men thru the new exhibit, "Conquest of Pain." Kids can have fun with the mechanical figures by pulling levers which flash lights to show how pain is communicated thru nerves and brain; they can administer a "hotfoot" to an eight-foot plastic man demonstrating burns, and can operate manual controls to give anesthetics to an anatomical model.
Natural History museum, Lake Shore & Field drs. (WA 2-9410). Special guide supervised programs of movies, lectures and study for teachers with classes 10:30 a.m. May 9, 10, 11, 16, 17 & 18 "Our Green World," about food and plants, for grades 6 & 7; May 23, 24 & 25, "Birds of the Chicago Region," for grade 5. Free, by reservation only. Reservations close a week in advance.

parks
boating

Rental of rowboats begins May 1 at the

CHICAGO LANDMARK FOR LOOKING AND LISTENING

...A Display Salon

Where Nothing is Sold

COME IN ANY DAY! THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE IT IN THE WORLD!

On the ground floor of 333 North Michigan Avenue (just north of the loop) is Zenith's Display Salon where no sales are made. It is the only place in Chicago where you can see, touch and play every single one of Zenith's 166 models: radios, television sets and high fidelity phonographs. You are cordially invited to visit these attractive lounges and listening rooms as frequently as you wish.

Open 9 to 5, Monday through Saturday*

Relax and hear your choice of fine records.

Tune in your favorite programs.

Col. W. W. Yaschenko, manager of the Zenith Display Salon.

Old-fashioned hospitality and modern electronics.

ZENITH DISPLAY SALON

Ground Floor—333 North Michigan Avenue

...maintained for you and Zenith dealers and visitors who come to call on us from all over the world

*PARKING SPACE DIAGONALLY ACROSS THE STREET OR ON THE LOWER LEVEL OF MICHIGAN AVENUE

Phone CEntral 6-2535 for information about any Zenith product

Tune in Zenith's FM Station WEFM, 9:30 A.M. to 12:00 P.M. daily (99.5 megacycles on your dial) for the finest recorded music.

south lagoon in Lincoln park, from 2 to 10 p.m.

sailing

Junior sailing enthusiasts, 14 to 18, may join the park district's Rainbow fleet, a group which holds its maneuvers in ten-foot sailing dinghies in the north end of Burnham Park lagoon. Applicants must be able to swim 200 yards. Week-end sailing from mid-May until schools close; daily thereafter until Labor Day. Free. HA 7-5252, ext. 422.

golf

Park district golf courses are open in Lincoln, Marquette, Columbus and Jackson parks. Golfers under 16 pay half fee weekdays and after 4 p.m. Sat., Sun. & hol.

Tailored in California and exclusive with Lytton's

CHICAGO EVANSTON OAK PARK EVERGREEN GARY JOLIET ALTON

Coming in the June issue of **Chicago**

- Phonevision—Can It Succeed?
- The Boss of Bronzeville
- On Being a Young Child
  a photographer's studies of his daughter

On news-stands the last Thursday in May

fishing

From sunrise to dark at all park lagoons. No license needed by children under 16. Fishing is permitted from banks of lagoons, but not from boats, piers or bridges. Excellent piers for lake fishing are at Loyola park, 6900 n.; Lincoln park, 1600 and 4600 n.; Burnham park, 3100 s., and Jackson park, 5900 and 6300 s.

zoos

Lincoln Park, 2200 n. in Lincoln park (LI 9-3009). Young born to some of the animals during the winter are now on view, among them a baby kangaroo and several bear cubs. The zoo's collection of 2,500 animals includes some rare and unsual specimens: the monkey house has a silvery langur from Sumatra, a white crown mangabey, the only pair of South American red howler monkeys in captivity. Feeding hours: monkey house, 1:30 p.m.; bears, wolves & foxes, 2; small mammal house, 2:30; sea lions & otters, 3; lion house, 4. Open daily, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. **Zoorookery** (at Fullerton), is a restful rock garden with a water pond, where land and water fowl may be photographed.

Indian Boundary Park, 2500 Lunt av. A small zoo with bear, deer, smaller animals and birds. Free, open daily.

Brookfield, 31st & Golfview, Brookfield (HU 5-0263). New animals in the **Children's zoo,** which opens May 14, include a one-year-old African elephant, Kodiak bear cubs and four playful chimpanzees that perform in their own little houses on the 2½ acre island. Children may mingle with many species of wild and domestic young animals and bottle-feed some of the babies. Free Thurs., Sat., Sun. & hol.

NIGHT LIFE

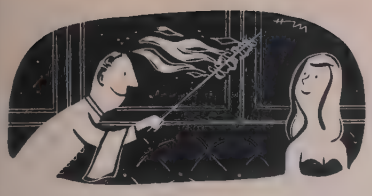
Balinese Room, Sheraton-Blackstone hotel, 636 s. Michigan (HA 7-3000). Pleasant surroundings and quiet dancing to tunes by the Hal Otis group. Noon to 1 a.m., Sat. to 2 a.m.; dancing from 9:30. Lunch $1.75-$2.50; dinner $2.75-$4.

Black Orchid, 101 e. Ontario (MO 4-6666). Thru May 23, patrons will be in pleasant danger of being sent out of this world by Arthur Lee Simpkins, who sings in a variety of languages, and/or hypnotist Arthur Ellen. 11 a.m. to 4 a.m.; shows from 9:30. Lunch $.95-$2.50; dinner $2.95-$6.50.

Blue Angel, 801 Rush (SU 7-5060). The Calypsorama includes Val Navarro, Velyn and LaVerne, Carmencita Romero and Lord Burgess. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m.; shows at 8:30, midnight & 2. Food a la carte.

Boulevard Room, Conrad Hilton hotel, 720 s. Michigan (WA 2-4400). Cathy and Blair star in "Spurs 'n Skates," assisted by Marvin Roy who, among other things, pulls a string of 14 lighted bulbs out of his mouth. Vocals by the Tattlers; Frankie Masters' orchestra. Open from 6:30 p.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight; Sun., 4 p.m. Dinner from $3.25. $2 cover.

The Buttery, Ambassador West hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-2200). Quiet and elegant, with dancing to Ralph Roder's Latin-American rhythms. Noon to 2 a.m.



Dancing after 9 p.m. Flaming sword dinner $5.50-$9.50; other food a la carte. Fri. & Sat., $3 min.

Camellia House, Drake hotel, Lake Shore & Michigan (SU 7-2200). The cuisine is French; music by Jimmy Blade. Noon to 3 p.m., 6 p.m. to 1 a.m. Lunch $1.75-$2.50; dinner $5-$6.

Chez Paree, 610 Fairbanks (DE 7-3434). Nat King Cole and trio take the stand on May 13. 6 p.m. to 4 a.m., shows 8:30 & midnight; late shows Fri. & Sat., 2 a.m. Dinner $3.50-$4.75; $5.50 special includes cover and minimum, 7-course dinner, after-dinner liqueur, show and dancing.

College Inn Pot'erhouse, Sherman hotel, Randolph & Clark (FR 2-2100). Dining is western style; music by Frank York, his orchestra and fiddle. Noon to 1 a.m.; Sat. to 2 a.m. Lunch $1.65-$1.95; dinner $4.50-$6.75.

Empire Room, Palmer house, State & Monroe (RA 6-7500). Yma Sumac of the Peru-Brooklyn controversy entertains with company thru May 11, followed on May 12 by Jose Greco and his company of Spanish dancers. 6 p.m. to 2 a.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight. Dinner from $4.

Glass Hat, Congress hotel, 500 s. Michigan (HA 7-3800). Wayne Muir's "Glass Hatters" play a steady two-beat for dancers. 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. Dinner from $3.50.

Mister Kelly's, 1028 Rush (WH 3-2233). Audrey Morris sings the best and most restrained show tunes and Jimmy Bowman plays piano. Janet Brace sings ballads. Charcoal-fired steaks are a house specialty. Nightly, 5 p.m. to 4 a.m. Food a la carte from $2.95. No cover or min.

Opera Club, 801 Rush (SU 7-5060). Ruth Paul is at the piano and singing waiters and waitresses are supplemented by operatic and popular singers. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m. Food a la carte.

Polynesian Room, Edgewater Beach hotel (LO 1-6000). South sea decor. Two cuisines — Island Cantonese and Yankee. Two orchestras — Johnny Pineapple and Henry Brandon. 6 p.m. to 1 a.m.; Sat. to 2 a.m. Dinner $3.25-$5.75.

The Pump Room, Ambassador East hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Elegant hang-out for celebrities and celebrity-watchers. David Le Winter provides discreet dance music. Noon to 2 a.m. Flaming sword dinner, $5.50-$9.50; other food a la carte. Fri. & Sat., $3.50 min.

Swiss Chalet, Bismarck hotel, 171 w. Randolph (CE 6-0123). Endre Ocskay's orchestra in an Alpine setting where even the wood beams are Swiss. Noon to 1 a.m. Lunch $1.25-$3; dinner $3.50-$6.

jazz

Beehive lounge, 1503 e. 55th (PL 2-9060). One of the greatest influences in modern jazz, Max Roach, will thump might-

the Atmosphere of your

OFFICE

Daring or Dignified

We will design for your firm completely "packaged" office interiors in modern or traditional atmosphere—costing much less than you might think, and saving your time. Whether you need a distinctive and more efficient office area or a single desk or file, call

Mead & Wheeler Company

ESTABLISHED 1909

INTERIOR DESIGN • FURNITURE • FURNISHINGS • DRAPERY • CARPETING • ACCESSORIES

218 West Monroe Street • Chicago 6 • Phone DEarborn 2-5735

A Dozen Gifts

for the price of one . . .

A subscription to CHICAGO Magazine is a continuing gift, one that comes each month to the recipient's home, bringing hours of pleasant, informative reading. You can give a dozen of these periodical presents for $2.50; twice that many for $4. It's a suitable way to say "Thank You," "Get Well" or "Happy Birthday" — or simply to do something nice for a friend. Each gift subscription is accompanied by a handsome card containing donor's name.

MAIL YOUR GIFT COUPON TODAY TO:

SUBSCRIPTION DEPT.
CHICAGO MAGAZINE
P.O. Box 1283,
Chicago 90

ONE YEAR (12 monthly issues) $2.50; TWO YEARS $4.00

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE___ STATE_____

GIFT OF_____

YOUR ADDRESS_____ CITY & STATE_____

Send bill to donor ☐ Donor's check enclosed ☐

CONTINENTAL U.S.A. CONTINENTAL U.S.A. CONTINENTAL U.S.A.
Chicago
figaro's lounge
VII east oak street
michigan 2-7964
music by seeburg
CONTINENTAL U.S.A. CONTINENTAL U.S.A. CONTINENTAL U.S.A.

BELLINI'S
1014 Rush, Chicago
MOHAWK 4-6397
OPEN NOON TO 1 A.M.
MONDAY 8 P.M. TO 1 A.M.
GRANITA IMPERIALE — A delicate whipped combination of frozen Caffe Espresso, Caffe Maracaibo, cream and Essence de Caffe Sport .60

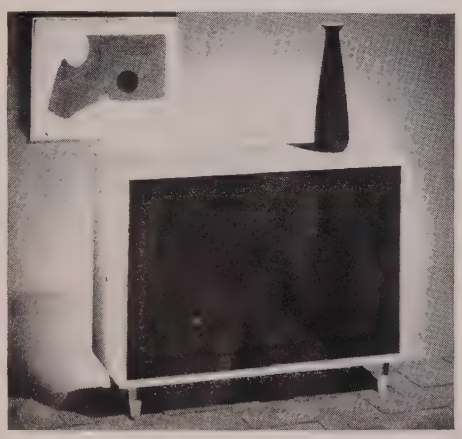
ily on drums in a quartet that also will have Clifford Brown, the newest trumpet sensation. During its stay, May 6 thru 16, $1 admission will be charged; no cover, no minimum policy prevails again afterward. Slim Sonny Stitt returns with his trim tenor sax, May 19 thru 31. Free-wheeling jam session Monday. 9 p.m. to 2 a.m.; closed Tue.

Blue Note, 3 n. Clark (DE 2-2247). Thru May 15, Bob Scobey's Frisco jazz band will attempt to blow down the walls. With him will be Clancy Hays, who strums an old-style banjo and sings straight from the levee. May 18 thru 29, the nimble fingers of George Shearing will make those who ducked piano lessons as youngsters hate themselves. Food a la carte, $1.50 to $3. $3 min. 9:30 p.m. to 3:30 a.m. Sun. mat., 5 to 7 p.m., features soft drinks for teen-agers. Closed Mon. & Tue.

Cloister inn, Maryland hotel, 900 Rush (SU 7-4568). Lurlene Hunter, who has been charming the heck out of local denizens for several years and who has become a national hit in recent months, sings the most here Wednesday thru Sunday. Claude Jones and Ace Harris help her out on piano, and Peggy Taft spells her with the vocal chores. Monday and Tuesday belong to Dick Marx, piano, and Johnny Frigo, bass. Nightly, 10 to 4 a.m.; Sat. to 5 a.m. No cover or min.

Jazz, Ltd., 11 e. Grand (SU 7-2907). The usual band that has been packing in the die-hards — Reinhardt, clarinet; Cenardo, drums; Marsala, trumpet; Hook, piano, and Graves, trombone — comes on with a driving Dixie beat. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m.; closed Sun. $2 min. Unescorted women not admitted.

Streamliner, 540 Madison (AN 3-6436). The Johnny Pate trio, a local bunch, will have Carmen MacRae undertaking the singing bit this month. Tue.-Fri. ($2 min.), 9:30 p.m. to 4 a.m.;, Sat. ($2.50 min.), 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. No music Sun. & Mon.


FRANK RYAN
SLIDING DOOR CABINETS
24" 30" 36"
unfinished
$14.50 up
VISIT OUR GALLERY
Hours Daily 10-8 Wed. 6
1653 North Wells Street
Phone MI 2-5411

EATING OUT

Berghoff's, 17 w. Adams (HA 7-3170). Excellent inexpensive food, efficiently served in a big, old-fashioned room. German food and dark beer are specialities. 11:30 a.m. to 10 p.m.; closed Sun. Lunch from $.75; dinner from $1.25.

Blackhawk Restaurant, 139 n. Wabash (RA 6-2822). Don Roth's prime rib palace includes a rolling rib cart, spinning salad bowl and personality waiters. Weekdays, 11 a.m. to 10:30 p.m.; Sat., 1:30 to 1:30; Sun., 3:30 to 10. Dinner $2.50-$5.

Cape Cod Room, Drake hotel, Lake Shore & Michigan (SU 7-7200). The sea food here compares with that served in salt water ports. Noon to midnight. A la carte service.

Clipper Room, Atlantic hotel, 316 s. Clark (WA 2-2646). Sea food with a sea around you atmosphere. Also German dishes. A la carte from $1.55. 11:30 a.m. to 8:30 p.m. Closed Sat. & Sun.

Erie Cafe, 658 n. Wells (WH 4-9101). It takes a little longer than usual to broil steaks here, but that's because they're seven inches thick. 7 a.m. to 2 a.m.; closed Sun. Dinner from $2.50.

Henrici's 71 w. Randolph (DE 2-1800). Popular since 1868 for good food in generous portions. 8 a.m. to 1:30 a.m. Lunch $1.25-$3; dinner $2.50-$5.

Hoe Sai Gai, 85 w. Randolph (AN 3-6474). Chinatown in the Loop. 11 a.m. to 2 a.m.; Sat. to 3 a.m. Lunch $.75-$2; dinner $1.55-$4.

Ireland's, 632 n. Clark (DE 7-2020). A restaurant which concerns itself ex-

STOCK YARD INN
the Matador room
To receive an aesthetic as well as a gustatory experience, THE MATADOR ROOM provides authentic atmosphere and a menu of excellent continental cookery. Fine wine menu.
SIRLOIN ROOM
"where the steak is born"
Select and brand the aged, prime steak of your choice from the fabulous STEAK THRONE. Custom broiled to your taste. Complete menu of favorite dishes . . . MODERATE PRICES.
COMPLETE BANQUET FACILITIES
42nd and Halsted Streets • YArds 7-5580 • Chicago 9
STOCK YARD INN
Enjoy Cocktails in the Sparkling New SIRLOIN ROOM COCKTAIL LOUNGE

clusively with good sea food. Noon to 2 a.m. Dinner $2-$5.

Italian Village, 71 w. Monroe (DE 2-9192). Good Italian-American food is served in this upstairs spot with stars on the ceiling. 11 a.m. to 1 a.m.; Sat. to 2 a.m. Dinner $2-$4.50.

Ivanhoe, 3000 n. Clark (GR 2-2771). Medieval gimmicks don't disturb the efficient service. The menu is good; cocktails are served in the wine cellar. 5 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat. to 4 a.m. Dinner $3-$5.

Jules, 814 w. 71st (AB 4-1652). French recipes from generations long gone are served with distinction in this South Side restaurant. 12 to 3 p.m., 4:30 to midnight; closed Tue. Lunch $1-$1.50; dinner $1.85-$4.

Le Provencal, 1450 e. 57th (NO 7-9669). A new French restaurant where excellent entrees are cooked to order. Salad is served after the main course and is in turn followed by delicate desserts and coffee concotions. 11:30 a.m. to 1 a.m.; closed Wed. Dinner $1.50-$3.50.

Mather Room, Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). Veal scallopine al marsala with green noodles is a feature here, as is Indian chicken curry. Luncheon only, 11:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m., $.75-$1.50.

Rib Room, Edgewater Beach hotel, 5300 n. Sheridan rd. (LO 1-6000). Dedicated to prime beef in all its most delectable aspects. For men only, noon to 2:30 p.m.; ladies welcome 2:30 to 2 a.m. Dinner from $3.90.

suburban & beyond

Al Knapp's, 1052 Indianapolis blvd (U.S. 20), Roby, Ind. (Whiting 1570). A shirt-sleeve atmosphere in which sea food, lake perch or steaks come with generous side dishes. Noon to 11 a.m.; closed Sun. Dinner from $2.25.

Coach and Four, U.S. 20, one mile e. of Marengo (Marengo 41-J). A coachhouse restaurant of commendable fare and a women's apparel shop share the setting of a pre-Civil war mansion. Daily, 11:30 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Fanny's, 1601 Simpson, Evanston (GR 5-8686). Spaghetti, salad dressing and other dishes all live up to their widespread fame. Mon.-Sat., 5 to 10 p.m.; Sun., noon to 10 p.m. Dinner $1.75-$4.75.

Klas' Restaurant, 5734 Cermak, Cicero (OL 2-0759). A substantial bit of old Bohemia, with waitresses in native costume and excellent food. 11:30 a.m. to 2 a.m. Dinner from $2.25.

Milk Pail, Route 25 near East Dundee (Elgin 5112 or 5113). Favorite stop for countryside explorers and lovers of fish, fowl and game, much of which is raised on the premises. 11 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sun., 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.; closed Mon. Lunch $1.40-$2.25; dinner $2.30-$4.75.

Mathon's, 6 Clayton st. at the lake front, Waukegan (ON 2-3610). Lake trout and other fresh fish brought in daily by boats. Also sea food, steaks, chops and chicken. 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. Lunch $1.25-$2, dinner $2-$4.50.

Yesteryear, Harrison at the river, Kankakee (Kankakee 2-7813). Fine food, including a "gourmet buffet," served in a Frank Lloyd Wright house. Mon.-Sat., noon to 2 p.m., 5:30 to 9 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 7 p.m. Lunch $1-$2.25; dinner $1.85-$3.85.

Customers of

AUDIO WORKSHOP, INC.

I am pleased to announce that I am now associated with the new

ALLIED HIGH FIDELITY STORES, INC.

which will soon open in downtown Evanston.

While this complete, modern High Fidelity Center is being readied, you will receive prompt service by calling me at SHeldrake 3-5210.

Thanks for your confidence and patience during the period required to complete this new store.

PETER M. KEIM

RECENT PAINTINGS BY... HANS ERNI

Main Street Gallery

modern paintings, drawings, gravures

642 North Michigan Avenue

His third one-man show here May 16 - June 20

"Hans Erni is tough and disciplined, equipped to deal with realities instead of shadows . . . Perhaps his destiny is to be one of those who may save the brilliant promise of modernism from the disintegration that threatens it."
— AMERICAN ARTIST MAGAZINE

"One of the greatest contemporary painters."
— TRIBUNE DE GENEVE

"His figures are invested with a mythical poetic air."
— N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

"The most striking thing about Erni is his perfect mastery of line."
— LE MONDE, Paris

"He is a figure draftsman in the grand style." — ART DIGEST

OPEN WEEKDAYS UNTIL 9:00 P.M.

West of the Water Tower

The day they brought the blues to the mayor

Last month Martin H. Kennelly gathered up some belongings from his desk and solemnly walked out of his oak-paneled city hall office, with a thousand intermingling memories attending his departure.

It is possible that twining among the memories were the sounds like polished brass of Louis Armstrong's golden horn. It is possible, but not likely. For it was, after all, not one of the memorable crises in city hall when in the summer of 1951 a press agent for the mayor and a press agent for Louis Armstrong conspired to arrange an official reception for Louis in the mayor's office.

Louis Armstrong, reasoned the two gimmick engineers, had been honored by kings, by presidents, by the cover of *Time* magazine and even by a mayor here and there. But Chicago, whose music grew up arm in arm with the artistry of Louis Armstrong, had never officially honored him. It was high time. On this proposition, the two press agents shook hands and invited the press.

The turnout was remarkable. Never had so many bulbs popped so enthusiastically in the mayor's office. The mayor seemed pleased and a little puzzled.

"Strike us up a little tune," the mayor said to his guest.

The guard seemed to go up in Satchmo's eyes and he said, "Naw."

"Come on, why not?" the mayor pressed. "Strike up a little tune."

"How about it, Satch?" a member of the press asked respectfully, and the others nodded.

Louis softened. He threw a leg over the corner of the mayor's desk and sat down. His eyes tilted upward thoughtfully and so did his horn. With a wistful eloquence he blew *Sleepy Time Down South*. The bulbs popped again, then they stopped while Louis played on. When he finished the newspaper people violated one of their ethics. They applauded appreciatively.

That night the two press agents joined for a private guzzle at the old subterranean Blue Note to hear Louis and to toast that day's contribution to the cultural history of their city. As conversation progressively loosened, the mayor's press agent made a confession.

"That was a great thing today," he allowed, "but I got news for you. The mayor didn't know Louis Armstrong from the side of a barn."

His companion was unperturbed.

"I got news for you, too," he said. "Louis Armstrong didn't know the mayor from the side of a barn. When we were leaving, Louis asks me, 'Is that the fella who fixes up divorces?' "

Semper fidelity

Said a Walton street father to his son, who was about to leave for the evening with his complex hi-fi system running: "Is there any way of shutting that off?"

Auto-mobile

An artist recently overhauled his 1948 Buick. He then fashioned the replaced parts into a mobile, which hangs in Figaro's lounge on Oak street.

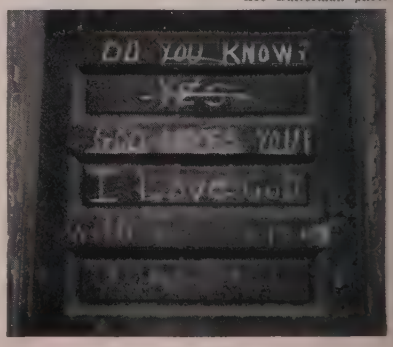
Friday is payday

It was Friday night and crowded in a South Side neighborhood bar. A policeman walked in almost unnoticed. His gray hair needed to be cut, and his open overcoat showed a sleeveless, bright checked sweater underneath. He walked down to the end of the bar and stood there, smiling self-consciously.

One of the week-end bartenders handed him a glass of draught beer and then motioned for the owner, who was also tending bar. The owner, a mild, 40-year-old man, wiped his hands on his apron and approached the officer. They shook hands. The owner took the policeman's half empty glass of beer, filled it, and returned momentarily. The owner now carried a smaller glass of his own. They touched glasses, drank and, as they disappeared into the small kitchen off the bar, the owner was reaching for his back pocket. A few minutes later they emerged – this time the owner had the self-conscious smile. The policeman buttoned his overcoat and left.

The owner again wiped his hands on his apron, picked up his small glass and poured the beer that was left in it down the sink.

Lee Balterman photo



Hail to the chiefs

Attorney Edgar Bernhard, who, as toastmaster, had been introducing a number of dignitaries on the floor at a civic banquet: "I now realize that actually there isn't a person here who shouldn't be recognized. So, while I applaud, will you all please rise."

The merchant prince of north Clark street

The Japanese are the second most recent addition to this city's considerable supply of nationality groups. They are perhaps the least noted ethnic element, but certainly one of the most noteworthy – a paradox that may stem from their singular ability to integrate economically and geographically while maintaining a strong cultural tradition.

The proportional growth of the local Japanese community is being exceeded only by that of the Puerto Ricans, who began coming here later and who, in one sense, are not a nationality group: they are allowed to immigrate without restriction from the Caribbean commonwealth and to exercise the full rights of American citizens as soon as they reach the continental United States.

The Japanese, on the other hand, have taken their place in the life of the city despite an immigration policy which led to the familiar distinction between nisei and issei. The latter were immigrants from Japan ineligible by law to become citizens; the former are children of issei who are citizens by virtue of their birth in the United States. The latest revision of the immigration laws has now made it possible for issei to obtain citizenship.

Most nationalities have come to Chicago for economic reasons; except during the thirties, this has always been a fine place to make a living. The Japanese had an additional reason in the rough handling received by both issei and nisei on the West Coast during World War II. So many of them have come here from California during the past 15 years that their local population has increased several times over. And while there has been enough of a sociological problem to justify the formation of an anti-discrimination committee by the Japanese American Citizens league, on the whole their absorption has been smooth and thoro.

Today there are more than 5,000 residential listings in a local Japanese American telephone directory. There are 17 Japanese churches, five of them Buddhist, three Episcopalian and the others of various Christian and Oriental sects. People with names like Tanaka, Yamamoto and Sato (the most common ones among local Japanese) are working as doctors, dentists, optometrists, watchmakers, photographers, dry cleaners and technicians, and in the esoteric profession of chick sexing, whose practitioners separate the infant boys from the girls so the farmer needn't waste a lot of feed on potential roosters when he only wants hens.

Altho the Japanese have not formed a ghetto, they have settled primarily in three areas: About 40 per cent of them live in Hyde Park-Kenwood; 35 per cent on the North Side between Fullerton and Argyle near the lake; 20 per cent on the Near North Side, around Clark and La Salle from Chicago avenue up to Lincoln park, and the other five per cent scattered thruout the city.

While the Near North Side is smallest of the three main settlements in population, it is the primary center of Japanese business, civic and social life. The business community is concentrated in about 20 store fronts along Clark between Chicago and Schiller, which are interspersed with night clubs, antique shops, secondhand stores, bars, automobile agencies and other more familiar establishments.

The Japanese enterprises include several restaurants and grocery stores, a travel bureau, a camera shop, a pool room, a couple of barber shops, a few cleaners and two liquor stores that feature sake, the rice wine which tastes like kerosene to most occidentals until they have a couple of glasses, whereupon it is mysteriously converted to nectar. Many of the shops display advertising for dances and folk festivals. Ornate posters announce the latest movies to be shown on Saturdays at the nearby Olivet institute.

THE NUCLEUS of this commercial hub is situated at 1124 and 1128 north Clark, in the form of two stores that look as if they had been picked up off the Ginza and airlifted here. The shop at 1124 is a deep, narrow canyon that seems almost impenetrable from the street. Its walls and tables are covered to capacity with thousands of decorative and utilitarian items. From the ceiling hang accordion-like rice paper lanterns as large as three feet in diameter, balloons which are colorful but neither airtight nor explosive and bird cages made of scores of intersecting wooden rods.

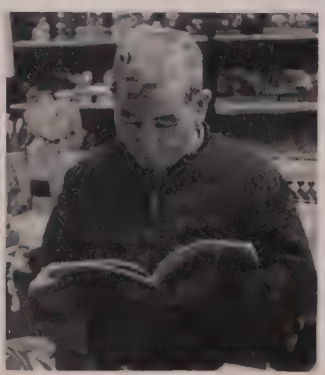
The store two doors to the north (there is a restaurant in between) presents a less formidable face. It is devoted chiefly to magazines and books, with office space in the rear.

Together these shops make up the heart of the J. Toguri Mercantile company – importers, exporters, wholesalers, diamond traders and distributors of general merchandise. The lord of this empire is Jun Toguri, a direct, modest, stocky little man in middle age, whose attire always includes a neat dark suit and a heavy pair of horn-rimmed glasses.

Toguri came to the United States as a youth in 1912 and soon established a retail business in Los Angeles. He left the coast in 1943 and opened a store in the 1000 block on Clark street. The two shops that now represent the bulk of his retail trade were founded five years later. The diamond division of his firm still has offices in Los Angeles, as well as at the older location here. Until recently the company shipped a lot of American products to Japan. But the great economic recovery of that nation since the war has decreased the demand for foreign goods to the point where Toguri now does much more importing than exporting.

The company employs 18 people in its various divisions, five of whom are

Above: Jun Toguri, whose Mercantile company has brought a touch of Tokyo to north Clark street. Right: Toguri's wife, Fusako, displays the proper garb for attending to flowering trees. Extreme right: clerk Akiyoshi Kazama replenishes the stock of brightly colored yard goods.



Above, left: Katsuyoshi Ishibashi, clerk in Toguri's book store, offers fortune cookies to customer, Stanley Mitone. Center: Movie poster in a neighborhood restaurant. Below: Mikio Yoshihara gives close attention to an advertising booklet. Extreme right: Exotic Helen Furukawa loses herself in the mood of an imported phonograph record.

Hotei, god of prosperity and large-mindedness.

young men from Japan studying American business methods on the job. The head of the firm and his delicate, efficient wife, Fusako, spend most of their waking time working in the store at 1124 north Clark.

Eighty-five per cent of the customers in this shop are Caucasians, and they find it a strange and intriguing place. The only domestic items for sale are aspirin, Scotch tape and thread. A quasi-American offering is a rubber skeleton for lapel wear that goes into terrifying convulsions when a hidden air bulb is squeezed. The cash register is of United States origin, but computations are made on an abacus. This device, which the Japanese call a *soroban*, is also sold in the store, along with a textbook of instructions on its use.

ON THE DESK near the *soroban* sits a "take one" basket of tea cakes called fortune cookies. Imprudent visitors have been known to consume their fortunes, which are printed on little slips of paper held between the folded halves of the pastry. Nearby there is a table devoted to other snack staples, including preserved ginger, sesame cakes, dried salted peas and the Japanese version of Cracker Jack, *Tomoe Ame*, a little box of candy with a prize at one end.

Other counters display fans and parasols in operational and toy sizes; incense in many forms and scents; chopsticks in a variety of colors, sizes and materials; paper flowers that "bloom" when their stems are dipped in water; heavy duty hairpins; soy sauce in quart bottles for use on almost every kind of food; cotton and rayon yard goods and clothing in striking colors and patterns; dishes, vases, trays and coasters in wood and ceramic materials; straw sandles and *tabi*, a form of heavy cloth footgear which can be used as slippers or socks; split bamboo screens and mats; lamps of modern design with natural wood frames and rice paper shades; jewel boxes, some made like small chests of drawers and others producing tinkling music when their lids are raised; hundreds of phonograph records — classical, popular and jazz, and dolls in glass cases affecting various traditional dancing positions.

Japanese customs and folklore are closely connected with much of Toguri's merchandise. The seven deities of good luck are shown in many forms, sometimes as art objects in themselves, often as decorative motifs on vases and trays. The most fetching of these is Hotei, the god of large-mindedness and wealth, a fabulously fat and jolly fellow who carries a big club on his shoulder. There is one goddess, Benten, who is patroness of literature and the arts. The other gods and their jurisdictions are Jurojin, longevity; Fukurokuju, prophecy; Ebisu, fishermen and tradesmen; Daikoku, farmers, and Bishamon, warriors.

THESE GODS also inhabit good luck trees, which consist of supple branches liberally hung with paper fish, dolls, dice and bell-like metal leaves. The deities occur again as tiny passengers in a toy sampan.

Pinned on the rear wall are brightly colored paper fish, ranging in length from three to ten feet, that are flown as kites on May 5, which is Boys' day, a major Japanese holiday. The fish are made to resemble carp, since parents want their lads to be lively and active like that finned family. The girls have their big celebration March 3, which falls near Mardi Gras and is observed in somewhat similar ways. Toguri's sells a special kind of doll appropriate to that holiday. Big tapered wooden paddles with a kind of cloth bas-relief doll on the back are used by girls to play a game similar to badminton on New Year's day.

High atop a bank of shelves near the front of the store sits a heavy wooden cabinet about two feet high used for Buddhist worship. Inside are little gongs, bowls and incense burners, each with a special meaning in the ritual. This beautifully finished piece sells for $67.50, but it is by no means the most expensive item in the store. Antique prints and scrolls are priced as high as $500.

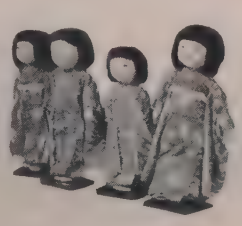
Appearances can be deceiving, or at least mystifying, to Toguri's occidental patrons. What appears to be a swizzle stick with a ball of fuzz on one end is actually an ear cleaner. A smooth wooden paddle that looks like a possible deterent to juvenile delinquency is used for transporting rice from bowl to plate. An object the size and shape of a bar of soap is made of porous stone and functions as a foot scrubber.

Many other objects at Toguri's are identifiably similar to western counterparts but have significant differences. The balloons are made of light but stiff paper so that they stay distended without having the hole closed. A scissors is one piece of flexible metal that works like a tweezers. Pipes a foot long have little metal bowls with a capacity of only two or three puffs. Playing cards are about the size of commemorative postage stamps. The game of *go* has rules similar to Chinese checkers but is so complex that it makes chess seem about as abstruse as old maid.

The magazines, books and newspapers in the store to the north look about like their English equivalents in format. But since few Caucasians can read them, that shop's patronage is preponderantly Japanese. Publications of more than 30 kinds are offered here, with romance and photography magazines among the most popular. Even in this shop the occidental browser may find something familiar. Recently a newspaper, otherwise written entirely in Japanese, showed a picture of Willie Mays sliding into home plate with a caption in English describing the play.

The customer who feels that he is surrounded by the mystery of the East in the general merchandise store may also have his mood broken by evidence of an old American custom which has been adopted enthusiastically by the Japanese. A picture of one of Nippon's favorite pin-up girls, suitably attired in a white bathing suit, is tacked to a shelf near the cash register.

Just behind her left shoulder is a row of small metal containers labeled "*Shirayuki.*" This is the white powder that stimulates the taste buds. It is sold in Chinatown under an equally exotic name and in most other grocery stores as Accent. But somewhere on the carton it always says "monosodium glutamate."



Publishing Faulkner

On page 25 of William Van O'Connor's new book, *The Tangled Fire of William Faulkner,* is a paragraph crediting one Paul Romaine with collecting Faulkner's earliest essays and poems and publishing them in 1932 in a small, limited edition book called *Salmagundi.*

Paul Romaine has a book shop at 184 north La Salle street where, a few weeks ago, he related the story of his dealings with the creator of Yoknapatawpha county.

Romaine, now 49, looks like literary critic Malcolm Cowley, wears a mustache, smokes a pipe, has sold books in Chicago for the last 12 years, was a rare book dealer in Milwaukee, and before that was in theater here and in Europe.

He said all the copies of *Salmagundi* had escaped his hands some years ago, but that a week ago he had discovered one on a shelf at a party and had persuaded his host to sell it. Romaine unlocked his first edition case at the book store and pulled it out. It is a slim volume, 53 pages bound in yellow board, printed in black and red. On the back is a four-line poem, *Ultimately,* by Ernest Hemingway.

Salmagundi was published, Romaine said, "because I was sitting with some newspapermen in Milwaukee one night. That was back in Prohibition. We were drinking Dago Red and arguing about a character in one of Faulkner's novels.

"We couldn't decide whether Popeye was at the trial when the girl testified in *Sanctuary.* I said he was.

"You know how hard it is to write on a napkin? I wrote Faulkner on one, asking what happened. I dropped it in a mailbox a couple of blocks from the tavern and forgot about it.

"Couple of months later, Faulkner answered. We started corresponding. That's when I got the idea to publish some of his humor and essays; the critics hadn't touched that part of him. And they haven't yet."

In the preface, Romaine explained he had included Hemingway's poem on a whim. But a whim inspired by an odd coincidence. Faulkner's poem, *Portrait,* and Hemingway's both appeared on page 337 of the June, 1922, issue of the *Double Dealer,* a little magazine in New Orleans.

All but one piece in the book were taken from the *Double Dealer.* That was his first published poem, *L'Apres Midi d'un Faune,* reprinted from the *New Republic.*

The book's first section is a portrait of New Orleans, seen thru the impressions of a sailor, a tourist and others.

The sketches are written with directness a present day Faulkner reader would appreciate and with a feeling that readers of Ben Hecht during his Chicago days would find somewhat familiar.

It concludes, for example: "New Orleans . . . a courtesan whose hold is strong upon the mature, to whose charm the young must respond. And all who leave her, seeking the virgin's unbrown, ungold hair and her blanched and icy breast where no lover has died, return to her when she smiles across her languid fan . . .

"New Orleans."

Remaining pages hold an autobiographical piece of literary criticism, and the poems.

Romaine printed 525 numbered copies and sold them to first edition collectors for $3.50 apiece.

Since Faulkner emerged as a major writer, collectors and scholars have sought out the book because it is the only source of some of his early writing.

"I called it *Salmagundi,*" Romaine said, "because it's a potpourri."

"Faulkner once told me he wanted to write the American *Tom Jones,*" he added.

Then he slipped *Salmagundi* into a wine folder and returned it to the first edition case, next to *A Fable* — the book many critics consider Faulkner's best.

It is written

On a doorway of a private club with energetic, if untutored, aspirations toward a French atmosphere: "Patio du Rue."

Scientific voodoo

Mary Squibb is a buxom, guileless-looking University of Chicago graduate, about 30. She writes for a trade magazine and keeps house for her husband, Francis, who writes for an encyclopedia. She is an accomplished classical pianist. She writes folk songs. She has led World Politics discussion groups. She helps the police enforce the law in the East Chicago avenue district. In addition and in league with an atomic scientist's wife, she deals in witchcraft and voodoo.

"We decided we could make money by meeting a need," Mary said one evening as she recalled the genesis last July of her occult activity. "My partner and I were drinking Scarlett O'Haras at Le Petit Gourmet and we got to talking about the fact that most people are mad at other people and would like to punch them in the nose, but they can't do it for one reason or another."

The first result of this insight was formation of a firm named Frustrations Limited, whose crest is duly inscribed over the mailbox of the Squibbs' Erie street apartment. The next development was the manufac-

ture of two kinds of pillows. One is round, about eight inches in diameter and three inches thick, and is called a Fathead. The other, an Old Bag, is slightly larger and rectangular in shape.

The Fathead and the Old Bag represent male and female adversaries and function on the ancient principle of voodoo dolls, with a few refinements. Not only can they be stuck with needles — they can be kicked, punched, slapped or hurled across the room without structural damage. Furthermore, if the enemy suddenly becomes a friend or occupies an ambivalent status, the pillow can be cuddled or caressed at appropriate times.

All Fatheads and Old Bags are handmade, and they retail at $3.95 and $4.95 respectively. Custom models can be obtained at slightly higher prices. These are made by throwing in nail clippings, locks of hair or snapshots of the intended victim, along with the kapok stuffing. If none of these symbols is available, a few voodoo herbs or spices may be added. About 25 of each kind of cushion has been produced so far. They have been marketed at Stuart Brent's book store on Michigan and Royals gift shop on State, as well as by the makers.

"If you believe it will work for you, then frustration's limited," Mary said. "Of course if your victim knows about it and believes in it, then it's wonderful. We believe witchcraft is a form of psychosomatic medicine or psychological warfare. It's being practiced all over the country today, but of course it's only effective for those who believe in it." She delivered this dogma with a characteristic air of conviction but no strong desire to convince.

During the last ten months Frustrations Limited has branched out from voodoo dolls and now covers the occult field quite thoroly. When Squibb went to the hospital recently for an operation, he took along a talisman Mary had made from the instructions set forth in the *Book of Black Magic*, a handy do-it-yourself volume published in England early in this century.

Even more awesome in Mary's satanic library is an original copy of a work issued in London in 1677 with the following title: *THE DISPLAYING of SUPPOSED WITCHCRAFT wherein is affirmed that there are many forts of Deceivers and Impoftors and divers perfons under a Paffive Delufion of Melancholy and Fancy. But that there is a corporeal league made betwixt the Devil and the Witch . . . or that witches are turned into cats, dogs, raife tempefts and the like, is utterly denied and difproved.* The author was John Webfter, Practitioner of Phyfick, and despite its iconoclastic title, the book clearly demonstrates that he believed in witchcraft.

A new product of Frustrations Limited is love potions. "Of course we have to say that they're 'alleged' to do this or that," Mary pointed out, "under the terms of the Pure Food and Drug act."

She displayed a two-ounce bottle containing a red fluid. "This one costs a dollar," she said. "The recipe is ginger, cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg, sugar and water. Most of these spices were considered aphrodisiacs during the Middle Ages because they were hard to come by. Of course if a girl puts this in her object's drink and he knows why she's doing it, it's fairly obvious what the outcome will be. Actually, it makes a very pleasant addition to wine."

Playing cards, Mary announced, were used for telling fortunes long before they developed into sporting implements. She displayed a Tarot deck, predecessor of the common bridge pack. The Tarot deck consists of 78 blue and orange cards about twice normal size divided into a major arcana and a minor arcana. The major arcana includes the 22 most important cards, with names like the sun, temperance, death, the devil and the fool, who, as the joker, is the sole survivor of this group in a conventional deck. The minor arcana comprises four 14-card suits — wands, cups, pentacles and swords, which have evolved into spades, hearts, diamonds and clubs, respectively. "Of course this is a very metaphysical kind of fortune telling," Mary explained. "We don't say you'll meet a tall, dark, handsome man. The state of mind and changes in personality or emotions are much more important to us."

The Squibbs live in a compact first floor apartment containing hundreds of books, thousands of old magazines that Squibb uses for research on articles, a practically human hi-fi set and a grand piano. There is also a cream Persian cat named Peri after the fallen angels of Near Eastern mythology. It stretches on a couch and purrs sensuously when Mary plays Bach on the piano. For recreation, it gets into the bathtub and chases a ping-pong ball around the sides.

Both Mary and Francis take piano lessons, she specializing in the classics, he in Dixieland. Mary also plays guitar and has written several Chicago ballads, as well as folk songs. One year her Christmas cards contained words and music for an original wassail song.

"People are so afraid to think about public questions these days," she said, "that they have more leaders than students in the World Politics dis-

cussion program. They haven't called on me lately so I decided it was about time I did something else in the civic line. I got to thinking about the crime problem and I went over to see Captain Hackett. He made me a list of simple rules for crime prevention. I was going to get people to take them around to all the homes in the neighborhood, but that turned out to be impractical. There was no way of issuing credentials to the canvassers, and the police were afraid some crook might take advantage of the chance to case a lot of apartments for burglaries. Now we're hoping the newspapers will publish the list. It's just simple things like 'Don't open your door to strangers' and all that.

"As far as Frustrations Limited is concerned, our main problem now is getting some nice cobwebby-looking little bottles to put the love philtres in."

On a floor upper

Rod Curtain lives at the Division street Y.M.C.A.

Quote of the month

An aspiring model agency proprietor: "The trouble is, every time I put an ad in the papers, half the policewomen in town show up pretending to be applicants."

C. Oldenburg

The Cook county sheriff's phone is being tapped right now, by the Syndicate. And a leading criminal lawyer says his is, by the police. No matter how private a citizen you think you are, yours may be, too. A summary of what's known, and responsible conjecture, about . . .

Wiretapping in Chicago

by Norman Calhoun

The 1200 block on north Clark street is lined to the sidewalks with cheap groceries, small hardware and home appliance stores, sleazy restaurants, taverns curtained in defiance of statute, and rundown rooming houses. On the west side of the street there is a tavern even grubbier than the others in the neighborhood and next to it is a three-story building advertising housekeeping rooms.

A few years ago a man took a room in the basement of the building next to the tavern. For some weeks he spent all the time away from his nine-to-five job in the Loop cooped up in his basement room. He never had a visitor, and he spent most of his hours in a chair set against the wall of the room, intent and motionless except for nervous consumption of cigarets. After a while, he paid off the landlord's agent, who lived on the first floor, and disappeared.

About the same time, one of the newspapers began running a sensational series of reports on the activities of a Syndicate agent on the North Side named Dominick Nuccio, called "Libby" by the characters who frequented his tavern on Clark street just north of Division. The newspaper was able to give some unusually explicit information about coming attractions and aspirations of the Syndicate.

A point of interest in this story is that it is one of the few well-attested instances on record of the use of wiretapping in line of duty — tho not, in this case, with the knowledge of his employers — by someone who was neither a police official, a private detective nor a criminal.

The story has other points of interest, less romantic but more vital. The man who was the hero of this exploit learned the technique of wiretapping from a detective, currently listed in the Red Book, who makes much of his living from this illegal practice; he made the wiretapping device with two dollars worth of material bought in an electrician's shop, plus the headphones from an old crystal radio set. He used it against the Syndicate, which is itself probably the largest local practitioner of wiretapping, except, of course, the police at all levels, federal, state and local. And he took advantage of one of the most insidious characteristics of wiretapping — the fact that the tapper often gets damaging information that he hasn't even been looking for.

Nuccio had been seen arguing with

a man who shortly later fell or was pushed from a lofty fire escape. His wire was tapped with a view to getting evidence that he had done or arranged the hypothetical pushing. The listener didn't get that evidence, but he found out a lot of other things Nuccio would have preferred to keep within his own circle.

Wiretapping, which is forbidden by federal, state and local statute, is practiced in Chicago, as elsewhere, by agents of the armed forces, the FBI, the Secret Service and various other government departments, bureaus and offices. The FBI can tap phones legally in certain kinds of cases, and the Bureau maintains that it taps only in the authorized manner. Wiretapping is also carried on by three different details of the city police department, and urgent denials that they use it by Cook county police and by the state's attorney's office are regarded with hard cynicism in many quarters. Wiretapping is also practiced by many, probably most, of the detectives and detective agencies in the city. It is a service routinely bought and paid for by some business men who use it to pry into the secrets of competitors, and, of course, by husbands, wives and lovers who wish to spy on lovers, wives and husbands.

It is used on a systematic basis by organized crime, and less systematically by a host of petty thieves, ranging from confidence men to blackmailers. Technically, it has been refined beyond hope of any but occasional chance detection. Only a very faulty installation can be found by electronic testing devices.

This city is one of the wiretap centers of the United States, and people who ought to know believe that the official and private use of the wiretap are on the increase here.

The fact that many public officials and a growing number of private citizens already make a practice of not discussing "sensitive" matters over the phone reveals a widespread fear of wiretappers. The fear is not unjustified.

Unfortunately for society, the miracle of electronics has been a boon to wiretappers. They can now buy ready-made listening equipment of extraordinary range and sensitivity. They can tap by induction, without gouging a bit of insulation from a wire. Dime-sized microphones can be hidden inside phones or about a room. And everything said can be left to posterity on wire and tape recordings.

Once a tap is fixed devices may be attached to record the rapid clicks of the dial, and so establish what number has been called, and the wire may be monitored by earphones or recording machine.

The usual complaints about telephone service — fading, clicking or static — are sometimes thought to be evidence that a listening device has been attached to the line. Actually, these noises are hardly ever caused by even the most bungling of illegal listeners. "A good tap cannot be detected," says a phone company executive.

Furthermore, any trained telephone man will agree that "any kid who can put together a two-dollar crystal set can tap a wire. It's really very simple." Many police forces, investigating agencies and private detectives have hired former telephone company employes to simplify their chore. Fledgling FBI agents have been known to practice tapping each other's wire in order to perfect techniques they will use later on in delicate jobs of eavesdropping.

Reporters covering the FBI headquarters in the Loop have sometimes seen agents riding in elevators, wearing denims and long-billed caps, often carrying grips that resemble a lineman's tool case. Occasionally the sequel is news of the break-up of an extortionist or counterfeiting ring, thanks to information from "an anonymous source."

Wiretapping in these parts has a surprisingly long history, dishonorable from the beginning. As far back as 1917, State's Attorney Maclay Hoyne warned the local police to stop listening to innocent conversations because "happy homes hang in the balance, and greedy, blackmailing detectives will be vigorously prosecuted." (The habit hinted at by Hoyne, whether or not it is practiced currently by official wiretappers, is popular among some private listeners. One admits to having a collection of tape recordings of bawdy chatter between hoods and their molls, men and their mistresses, women and their lovers — which he says he plays for the delectation of other eavesdroppers and personal friends. It is unnecessary to point out how easily such material could be used for blackmail).

In the same year, 1917, Hoyne accused the chief of detectives of detailing 25 men to phone tapping. And at the same time he instructed his own men to get evidence in this

Simple, thoroly effective wiretapping device can be homemade with $2 worth of material: earphones, condenser and clips. When gadget is clipped to phone terminal, tapper can hear, cannot be heard. Recorder can be connected to earphones for taping conversations.

fashion. One police lieutenant of the day flatly told newspapermen: "If it hadn't been for wiretapping, we never could have secured conviction of the Kowalewsky brothers for bank robbery. Five members of this gang were sentenced on evidence gathered largely by tapping their phones."

These events of 38 years ago prompted the general manager of the phone company to issue orders to his employes to "keep a sharp lookout for tappers" — even tho this injunction was basically as futile then as now. It was probably given out for the psychological effect; the company had been overtaxed with complaints from business and professional men and their wives that they were being annoyed by persistent prying, and a few thought they were being blackmailed by policemen.

In 1940, three state's attorney's investigators were called to testify in the trial of a lawyer accused of jury fixing. All three denied that wiretapping had been used to trap a woman juror and a ward heeler who said he had acted as agent for the lawyer. Defense attorneys, however, were able to produce 26 witnesses who swore that illegal transcriptions of phone conversations had been made. The state thereupon called 17 policemen who testified that they did not use such methods in their investigations.

A man who, then as now, was widely regarded as the city's and perhaps the country's most remarkable defense lawyer, William Scott Stewart, represented the accused attorney, who was acquitted. Stewart contends that the police had discovered that the woman and the politician had practiced a sex perversion. "They used that juicy tidbit as a wedge to get a confession," he says. "They told the woman they'd have her daughter taken away from her."

Stewart, a portly, gray-maned barrister whose clients have included some of the key figures in the local underworld, has more to say on the subject of police wiretapping.

"We live in a jungle," he declares. "The police use information secured by illegal taps as a weapon. If they can locate a skeleton, they use it to extract confessions and even false statements. It's as if they had a pistol to a man's head. Wiretapping doesn't really have an effect on the top-notch gangman. He's wise to the tricks and rarely uses his own phone. He might use pay phones in guarded locations. While he's talking he uses cryptic or guarded language. It's the little guy who really gets hurt by this brutal, caveman method. The Nazi Gestapo and the Russian NKVD used tactics just like that. Almost everybody has some secrets that can be used for blackmail if the wrong people find out about them."

Stewart knows, he says, that his wires often have been made part of a police party line. Police, in fact, once occupied a 14th floor office in the Chicago Temple building, where he has a suite on the 16th floor. "When a client used to phone, I'd always warn him. 'You got anything you want to tell the United States government?' I'd ask. They'd get the idea and hang up pronto. Now all my business is conducted by personal contact, but I know that my wire's being tapped right now."

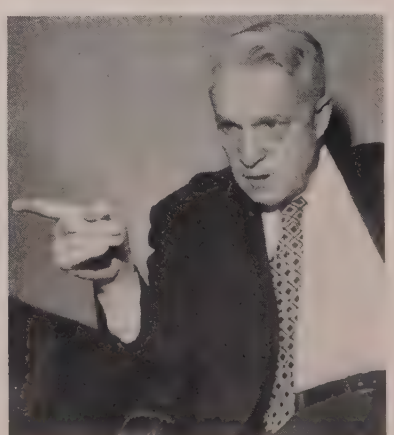
Several years ago, a 17-year old West Side boy named Eddie Stanis was involved, with his brother George, in an attempt to hold up a poker party. Two people were killed, including George, and Eddie fled to California. Subsequently, his young sister persuaded him to return and surrender to a local newspaper reporter, William Doherty, who one day marched young Stanis into the office of the late Walter Storms, then chief of detectives. Doherty tells this story of what happened then:

"Hello, Eddie," said Chief Storms, looking up from his desk casually. "Hello, Bill," he said to Doherty.

"How did you know who he was?" Doherty asked.

Chief Storms beckoned Stanis and

"You got anything you want to tell the United States government?" — criminal lawyer William Scott Stewart to clients who phone.



"I have no use for wiretapping on the part of individuals or government. It is illegal and an invasion of privacy." — State's Attorney John Gutknecht.

"Wiretapping is the essence of the destruction of privacy . . . I wouldn't seek any information by tapping wires." — Sheriff Joseph D. Lohman.

Doherty to seats next to his assistant, a lieutenant who is now a police officer of considerable prominence. Then he opened a drawer of his desk, pulled out a typewritten sheet and began to read from it:

WOMAN'S VOICE: Come right away. Eddie is here now. Just arrived home from the train. Better come right away. The police might find out he's here. They might kill him.

REPORTER: Don't worry about those lunkhead coppers. They couldn't find clowns at a circus. I'll be right over.

"Now, Bill," said Chief Storms genially, "what do you think of us lunkheads? We've known for a week that you were arranging to bring this kid back from California. We went along with you. We knew it would be bloodless that way."

"But how?" asked Doherty innocently.

"To use a bowling term," cut in the lieutenant, "you were tapped."

A few weeks ago Doherty asked Police Commissioner Timothy O'Connor: "Do your men tap wires to gain evidence?"

"You know" replied the commissioner, "that wire-tapping is illegal."

It is indeed. In the Chicago police department, however, it is carried out by three separate teams. One of these is "Scotland Yard," the hideaway detail of 35 men who operate from a shabby abandoned precinct house at 2075 Canalport. They are headed by Capt. William Balswick, who denies "any implication that we ever use any kind of machines for tapping." The second is a section of the detective bureau at central police headquarters on south State street. The third is a detail in the commissioner's office in City Hall, not far from the mayor's executive suite.

The men of the Scotland Yard detail are often seen entering and leaving that dilapidated building, usually in civilian clothes. But they are never to be found on obvious police cases, and they rarely testify in court.

Many of them are especially chosen on the basis of past experience. Some, for example, have been employes of the telephone company. Others were in the signal corps during the war, or worked in civilian life as electricians or radio repairmen. They work on night-and-day relays, when necessary, usually out of apartments from which there is ready access to telephone trunk lines.

This is what a former Chicago FBI agent, Gordon Gordon, has to say about wiretappers:

"Police in most major cities operate wiretap rooms in downtown office buildings. The men who monitor calls carry no badges or credentials and are under instructions to pretend that they are private detectives if caught.

"Sometimes as many as 50 taps will be brought into one room. Most of these will be on suspects in kidnappings, murders, rapes and other cases of violence. When the monitor hears something important, he starts a tape recorder.

"Scores of desperate criminals are being captured thru this new technological set-up which the police must operate in the greatest secrecy, either because it is illegal in the state, or because public opinion holds that wiretapping constitutes an 'invasion of privacy' and might eventually wreck all democratic processes."

THE POSITIONS taken on the subject by public personages are worthy of note, and seem sometimes to reflect the extent to which the individual speaking has current law enforcement responsibilities.

Downey Rice, who was an FBI agent from 1936 to 1945 and has been an investigator for the Kefauver and other Senate committees, and who recently resigned as chief investigator for the City Council crime committee, has said: "Wiretapping is highly overrated in the public mind. It's one of those gray areas where people can use their imaginations when knowledge is lacking. But it's an investigative tool the government is foolish not to use when we're in a knockdown, dragout fight with an enemy — either to the nation, in the form of spies and saboteurs, or to individuals in the form of kidnappers and gangsters."

Says Virgil Peterson, another former FBI man, now operating head of the Chicago Crime commission: "The local police would never admit that they're using wiretaps. It has always been frowned upon in this country. But there is a big problem that all law enforcement agencies must deal with: the vicious and organized criminal element. And, with proper supervision, such as court orders, leads on criminals received by tapped talks can be extremely valuable."

A contradictory view is put categorically by State's Attorney John Gutknecht: "I have no use for wiretapping on the part of individuals or the government. It is illegal and an invasion of privacy. I want to serve notice that there will be strong prosecution of any further wiretapping cases."

Then there is Sheriff Joseph D. Lohman, a professional criminologist and University of Chicago sociologist. Wire-tapping in this area is on the increase, he is certain. But "wiretapping is the essence of the destruction of

"All law enforcement agencies must deal with . . . the vicious and organized criminal element . . . With proper supervision . . . leads on criminals received by tapped talks can be extremely valuable." — Virgil Peterson, Chicago Crime commission.

"Wiretapping is highly overrated in the public mind . . . The government is foolish not to use [it] . . . in a knockdown, dragout fight with an enemy . . ." — Downey Rice, former city council crime investigator.

privacy. It's a cheap way of getting evidence, and it's an insidious way of getting leads. The tapping agency can get a lot of information on things that aren't even under investigation. As for me, I wouldn't seek any information by tapping wires."

It has been reported that one of Sheriff Lohman's subordinates, Francis Quinn, who commands the Milwaukee avenue county police station, used to be attached as a city policeman to Scotland Yard and is well versed in the tactical aspects of electronics.

Sheriff Lohman, however, maintains that any technical skills available to his office in this area are used not to set taps, but to keep his own lines clean of them. For, whatever may be debatable about wiretapping, there's no question that it is a double-edged weapon that cuts both ways. Lohman's testimony on this aspect of the problem is: "No police officer these days should assume that a line is clean or that the other side isn't trying to get at him. Organized crime knows that it's important to anticipate the next police move." So he has his home and office phones checked each week for taps.

Irwin N. Cohen, former assistant U. S. attorney, now chief counsel for the City Council crime committee, has his phones "looked over at least once a month." Several local politicians also say that it is essential that their wires be free of listeners. "There's no percentage in tipping off the opposition," one city leader pointed out.

None of the city's 50-odd private detective agencies openly advertises, or admits that it employs wire-tapping in its investigations. Since most such investigations are preliminary to divorce actions, or related to business strategies of an underground sort, they have to be extremely careful. But few of them bother to disguise the true situation in conversation.

As a respected local detective said recently to a divorce lawyer: "We couldn't operate our business without tapping phone wires."

Another, asked pointblank whether he had ever tapped a wire, replied: "You've known me too long to ask a question like that in such an innocent tone. If I've 'bugged' one wire, I've 'bugged' a thousand. And I've made thousands of dollars at it."

Gordon, the FBI agent, has estimated that private detectives "run" an average of a half-million wiretaps a day in the country as a whole. It is certain that there are few detectives listed in the local Red Book who will turn down a request to tap a wire. After all, the risk is negligible. It's almost certain that no one can expose the eavesdropper except the person who engaged him to do it, and is therefore equally guilty. But even in the rare cases where both are caught, the penalty is not discouragingly drastic.

LAST YEAR, the wife of a weathy paper manufacturer expressed to the state's attorney's office a suspicion that her home wire had been tapped. This was one of the relatively rare cases when the suspicion turned out to be demonstrably well-founded. The phone had been cut into for nearly a year by detectives hired by a Loop investment broker.

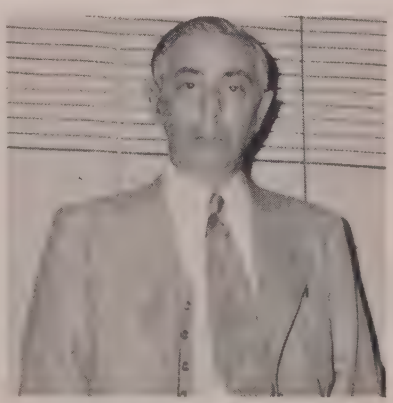
The broker confessed in court, explaining that he had arranged the eavesdropping because he wished to buy the paper firm and considered it just "standard procedure to have an agency investigate first."

For carrying their investigations to the point of listening in on the domestic conversations of a business man and his wife, broker and hired tapper were fined $300 each.

The cost of a private wiretap varies with the community, the delicacy of the job and the size of the customer's bankroll. The current rate in Chicago is $100 to $150 a day. By contrast, the Los Angeles rate is $300 to $400, but only $50 is charged in Miami and Washington. In addition to the flat daily charge, clients of a wiretapper must pay rental on the office, store or room adjacent to the room which is to be monitored. Sometimes huge expenses accumulate before adequate information has been recorded.

Says Downey Rice: "Anyone who hires a tapper should be prepared to shell out. First of all, he's got to get a fellow to commit a crime in this town."

This description of how wiretapping is done was given by a detective who specializes in the practice of obtaining evidence which a married person can use in divorce proceedings:



Dominick Nuccio (above): he hasn't been around much since a newspaper published wiretap revelations of his activities as a Syndicate collector.

Former police lieutenant William Drury missed his date with Senate crime investigators because the Syndicate had a monitor on his phone.

"When they go to a hotel, I get an adjoining room. If the phone is on the south wall in my room, then I know it's in the same position in the room next door. Then I measure with a tape, how high my phone is off the floor and how far it is set away from the wall. Then I know exactly where theirs is. Sometimes I may have to change rooms because the phone may be on the far wall. Sometimes I may have to hang my induction coil out the window and slip it inside their window. Or I may hang it over their transom. Usually against the wall is good enough.

"At any rate, I've never missed a single word of any phone session I was paid to record. That's not all. This 'bug' of mine has such tender ears it picks up every whisper and sigh emitted in a room. It sometimes makes me feel, as I lie there listening next door, with the earphones in place, that I'm not alone."

"You know that wiretapping is illegal." — Police Commissioner Timothy O'Connor.

City police technicians who are experts in applied science, including wiretapping, have their headquarters in "Scotland Yard" on the near Southwest Side.

The crime syndicate has found wiretapping a valuable, perhaps essential, means of putting its activities on a sound business basis. The technique is also used spasmodically by gangs and individual criminals. Some of them, such as extortionists, could hardly get along without it.

Criminals at times use wiretapping in unlikely and resourceful ways. In 1932, a local gang of wiretapping horse bettors was turned up. Their method was to cut in on a racing-wire service, then rush last-minute bets on the winners before most bookmakers could get the results. After their capture, the horse players said they had taken unsuspecting bookies for nearly $100,000 in a year.

An illustration of how subsidiary information can backfire on an eavesdropper is contained in the story about a member of a local gang of counterfeiters who ran a book by telephone as a sideline. He was overheard, on an official wiretap, tipping someone off on a "sure thing" at Washington Park. The wiretappers whipped off their phones long enough to race out and put some bets on the horse, which slouched in last. Subsequently they closed in on the counterfeiters, and the one who had been the bookie sent a message during the trial, asking "how much the government boys had dropped on the horse." He then proceeded to explain that he and his pals had a hunch the law was closing in on them, and that his tip was a deliberate plant to get back at the suspected tappers.

ONE OF THE MOST SOMBER entries in the history of criminal wiretapping concerns the fate of the late Lt. William Drury, who had been dismissed from the police force a few years before his assassination.

The pros and cons of the Drury case are still a matter of dispute — and of official suppression — but there is little doubt that he knew a great deal about the activities of the Syndicate. And on September 26, 1950, he was scheduled to tell much of what he knew to the Kefauver committee, which at the time was holding hearings in this city.

The night before his scheduled appearance, a special investigator for the committee put thru a call for Lieutenant Drury to his home at 1843 Addison street. The person who answered the phone stated that Drury was not at home, but that he was expected at about a quarter to seven.

This was all the Syndicate monitors listening in to the Drury home phone needed to know. At 6:45 that evening, Drury, backing his car into the garage behind his home, was murdered by gunmen crouched at the other side of the alley.

This killing would not have been possible — or would have been much more risky — without the wiretap which revealed the victim's probable time of arrival at home. Some of his former colleagues on the police force were friendly to Drury, and occasionally cruised by his home in squad cars. So it was not a place where gunmen could lurk indefinitely. They needed to know, within fairly close time limits, when to arrive and how long they might have to wait.

Telephone eavesdropping makes it possible for the Syndicate to carry on a continuous secret audit of the take of the handbooks. Many of the unsolved gang murders are believed to be tracable to the failure of some wiretapped member to turn in sums commensurate with what Syndicate monitors, listening in on his wires, considered appropriate.

A device is now available which can focus an electronic beam on a row of telephones 50 feet away, and select for recording the conversation transpiring over any one of them.

As the world's largest electronics manufacturing center, Chicago can be expected to play a major role in the industry's accelerating development of new techniques. It may bring the world to the average citizen's home thru three-dimensional color television at the same time it is exposing his castle to the world with increasingly powerful snooping devices.

Picture credits, left to right: p. 23, Don Bronstein; p. 24, Bronstein, United Press (2); pp. 25 & 26, U.P.; p. 27, U.P., Bronstein.

A diary with photographs

MY EIGHT DAYS IN MOSCOW

What an Olympic skater from the Northwest Side saw in and around the Kremlin

by Ken Henry

I have just returned from a week's visit to Moscow with the first group of American athletes to compete in the Soviet Union since before World War II.

We found the Russian people very friendly and the officials cagey and secretive but also cordial.

Every year the International Skating union sponsors a meet with races at the various distances. The 1955 tournament was given to Russia because their skaters had done well the previous year. Our team manager was Richard P. Shearman of Jamestown, New York, who had begun planning over a year ago in order to raise funds so we could go to the meet.

The races were held February 19 and 20, and by the first of that month the preparations were almost completed as far as expenses were concerned. A lot of money had been contributed and air transportation had been arranged, thanks to the Scandinavian Airlines system. The only trouble was our team hadn't been selected yet. There was a good reason, however, for this delay. The team couldn't be chosen until after the Olympic trials in St. Paul during the first week of February. They didn't want to put anyone on this year's team who wouldn't be on the Olympic team in 1956.

Finally the trials were held and eight men were chosen for the Olympics. Then three of them were picked for the meet in Moscow by the U.S. Olympic Speed Skating committee. Donald McDermott of Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey; John Werket of Minneapolis and I were chosen. Each country competing was allowed four skaters, but we could only afford to take three.

It was on Saturday, February 12, that our long plane trip began from New York. The flight across the Atlantic was very smooth and we were greeted by bright sunshine and a touch of spring as we landed in Prestwick, Scotland. Hamburg and Copenhagen soon followed on our schedule and we were happy to land and relax for one day in Stockholm before boarding another Scandinavian plane for Helsinki. In Stockholm we did some badly needed leg stretching and training on skates after sitting in the plane for 18 hours.

We flew to Helsinki in an hour and

ten minutes. Suspense built up on the way because we knew that there we would have our first contact with the Russians, meeting the plane and the people who were to fly us to Moscow.

When we saw the plane at the Helsinki airport, we all remarked on how much it resembled our American Martin 202 or Convair. We later learned that it was Russian-built and was called an IL-12. It was a 21-passenger plane with a tricycle landing gear and no seatbelts. On taking off there was no check of the engines as there is here, and neither the take-offs nor the landings were gradual. Everything about the flight seemed very abrupt. All maneuvers were accomplished very quickly, and apparently the passengers' comfort was not taken into consideration.

The plane was not heated in any noticeable way and the stewardess, who was a far cry from the pretty and neat girls on American planes, wore a heavy coat to keep warm. We were pleasantly surprised, tho, when she served tea and crackers that went very well as we made our way toward Leningrad, our first stop in the Soviet Union. After another hour and ten minutes of flying we landed there and got our first look at Russian people and our first contact with Russian food.

It was about ten degrees above zero, the sky was dark and the wind was blowing snow along the ground when we got there. Except for the hangars, there was only one building at the airport. This was about two blocks from where the plane stopped and to get to it we walked down a long lane with rows of high trees on both sides. We were to notice repeatedly that while much of Russia is shabby by American standards, they like massive and impressive public buildings and vistas.

We were offered a great deal of vodka and black cavier with our dinner at the airport, but the chicken was tough, and we hoped there were better days ahead as far as food was concerned.

WE GOT TO MOSCOW three and a half hours later, and there the real VIP treatment began. There were three different groups of representatives of the Soviet industries at the airport and they presented bouquets of flowers to us and to the Swedish and Australian skaters who had flown in with us. They also gave us a few kind words in Russian which were translated by men who, we learned, were to be our guides during the next seven days and were to accompany us wherever we went. The bouquet give to the U.S. manager was made up of acacia, and later one of

Dynamo stadium, just outside Moscow, contained 80,000 people and two television cameras on the day of the International Skating union meet two months ago. After the match, spectators thronged around skaters.

Weekday on Gorky street finds drably dressed pedestrians, some cyclists and a few small, government-made automobiles moving about. Downtown buildings are two or three stories high: Moscow has three skyscrapers.

the Kremlin, crews of women clear away using shovels and dump trucks.

day thousands wait in 3-block queues to the bodies of Nikolai Lenin and Josef which are on exhibit inside glass coffins.

assigned to the three Americans gave ame as Nikolai, seldom smiled. Skaters d to make him laugh for photo, succeeded.

scene from a bus window. Dark, shapeless g is a Muscovite's typical garb.

photographs by Ken Henry

the Australian skaters told us, "That's *our* national flower."

Our guide was named Nikolai and we, of course, nicknamed him Nick. He was about five feet, eight inches tall, with long black hair. He was a very talkative 28-year-old family man who claimed he was an English teacher, but whose English left something tc be desired. Nick and the others in the welcoming party wore drab clothes — dark suits, brown shirts and dark blue ties. We saw later that practically everybody in Moscow dresses this way.

We got into a limousine called a Zim, that looked something like a De Soto, and started the 20-mile drive into Moscow along a very wide asphalt road. There wasn't much talk on the way in. We were all silent and all eyes in the expectation of getting our first view of this metropolis of over 5,000,000 people.

We came to it more abruptly than you do to Chicago. One minute we were out in the country and the next minute we were in the city. The first thing we noticed was that most of the buildings were made of wood. They were two-story boxy looking places, with four or five families in each one.

Another remarkable thing was the small number of people and cars on the streets. Some of the streets seemed to be more than a hundred yards wide, and they looked especially desolate with practically nobody on them. A number of the people we did see were riding bicycles. On the whole, until we got to the main part of the city, we might have been in a town of 3,000 people, judging by the looks of the streets.

We did see one important building on the way in. It was the University of Moscow, which is one of the three skyscrapers in the city. The other two are an apartment house and a government building. Each of them is 32 stories high. They have white surfaces with a lot of trim toward the top, something like the Wrigley building.

As we got near our hotel, which was a little out from the main part of town, we saw more of the better looking buildings. The hotel was called the Sovietskaya, and was said to be the most fashionable in all of Moscow.

It was a four-story building about a block long and well decorated on the inside. There were fluffy curtains on the windows, flashy bed spreads and each room had a bath with a shower. There was a public cafe in the hotel and a cold-looking dining room with high windows where we were to eat all our meals. We sat at a long banquet table and ate meals that featured breaded meats and a lot of other greasy food. There were few fresh vegetables, but the coffee and ice cream, to our amazement, were excellent. The food seemed to improve later in the week as the cooks got used to our kind of diet — or maybe we just got used to their poor cooking.

We saw very few other guests eating in the hotel dining room, but there were quite a number of people in the lobby most of the time, nearly all of them dressed in the same drab, plain clothes.

On the day after our arrival in Moscow our guide, Nick, along with the other guides accompanying the Japanese, Dutch, Australian, English and Czech groups that were staying at the same hotel, had a sightseeing tour planned that was to take in old and new Moscow, various squares around the city and the opera houses and ballet theaters of which the Russian people are so proud.

THAT MORNING we had our first disagreement with Nick. He also lived in the hotel while we were there and he had told us to meet him in the lobby at a certain time. We were about 15 or 20 minutes late getting down there, and Nick was up in the air by the time we arrived. We told him we didn't think we had done anything

During his stay in Russia, Henry learned to like caviar which was served at every meal. Beer and vodka were offered to the athletes at most meals, too. Ken Henry, in addition to his nonprofessional activities as a speed skater, is a substitute teacher of biology in the public high schools. He is 26, married, lives at 4101 Belle Plaine.

very wrong to be a few minutes late after flying for 23 hours in the last day and a half. But he replied sternly, "We must start on time. We must begin the tour promptly, for we have arranged it that way."

Finally the trip started and we saw the old and the new Moscow, altho it was sometimes hard to tell them apart. There was snow piled about a quarter of the way up the walls of the wooden residential buildings, with little paths leading out from the doors. All over the streets we saw signs with the same thing printed on each one. Later an Associated Press reporter told us they said: "Save your money and put it in the bank."

In the days that followed before the meet we took other sightseeing tours with Nick. We went to the ballet, toured the Kremlin, rode the subway, saw the only big department store and visited a factory where trucks and bicycles are made.

The ballet we saw was *Mirandolina*, which has modern music and a story about a ballerina falling in love with a servant. The leading ballerina was named Churakova and the performance was very beautiful. The audience consisted of more people in dark clothes, a lot of them Orientals, either from Manchuria or Red China.

When we went to the factory, we were all surprised to see many boys and girls as young as 14 doing manual labor at jobs that only men would hold here. The place was very dirty and the light and ventilation were poor. On later tours of the city we noticed that much of the work seemed to be done by women. Cleaning and sweeping streets, shoveling snow, driving trucks, buses and street cars, and working eight stories above the street laying bricks and mortar — all fell into the realm of woman's work. They were even operating compressed air drills and doing other street-repair work. It seems that women really have a place in the Soviet society, and if a man forbids his wife to work, it's regarded as grounds for divorce.

One of the most interesting sights we saw was the subway. Both the tube itself and the cars we rode in were immaculately clean. It's exceptionally deep, with the tracks located 140 feet below the surface. The platforms had high decorative marble walls. There was no advertising on either the platforms or the cars, presumably because with no competition the government doesn't need to advertise its products. For the same reason the streets in Moscow look quite different from ours at night. There are no advertising signs and very little neon is used for any purpose.

IT WAS ON OUR WAY back from a subway ride one night that we had quite a laugh on our guide. As we were walking and talking we heard far off in the distance the loud roar of a jet engine, a sound that nobody could have mistaken for anything else. We knew there was an aviation school in the vicinity and we weren't too surprised to hear the roar. Just the same, we all looked at the guide and said, "Nick, what is that loud noise, a jet aircraft?"

Nick replied, "I do not know. I'm not qualified to tell jet aircraft from ordinary aircraft."

By that time we had reached our hotel, and we bid Nick goodnight with unconvinced smiles on our faces. During another tour, while we were on a bus, another incident convinced us that Nick was under orders as to what to tell us and what to keep to himself. Sometimes he would just refuse to notice things that interested us. While we were on the bus we saw a platoon of soldiers walking down the street. "Who are these people on the left side of the street, Nick," we asked. Nick turned to the right. "No, on the left side," McDermott said. Nick looked to the rear. "No," one of us said again, "on the left side, Nick."

Nick finally looked to the left, but

One of two fortress-like entrances to the 300-acre Kremlin.

Soviet newspaper woman, known to the skaters as Susan, accompanied them during half of their stay. With her is Richard Shearman, manager of the American team. Susan was better dressed than most of the women they saw, joked with them in good English, and urged that they write articles for publication in the Russian press.

by that time the troops had passed. "Could have been tourists, or possibly skiers," he said.

The Kremlin is situated on Gorky street, the main stem in Moscow, and at one end is Red Square, where Lenin and Stalin are entombed in glass coffins. We passed Red Square five or six times while we were in Moscow and each time there were very long lines of people waiting to see the preserved bodies of their former rulers. Sometimes they were lined up as much as four blocks back.

A wall 40 feet high surrounds the 300-acre grounds of the Kremlin. The average Russian can go only to certain buildings inside and these, of coures, are the ones to which we were taken. Once the home of the czars, the Kremlin today has many historic museums, a church whose services ended after the 1917 revolution, the headquarters of the secret police, the hall where the Supreme Soviet meets and many other government buildings. We went into several of the museums and looked at the Supreme Soviet building, but weren't allowed to enter it.

The department store is located across Red Square from the Kremlin wall. It's a long three-story building with the roof made entirely of glass. Actually it isn't so much one store as a great number of separate ones along an arcade. The chief difference between this and our large stores is that there are no advertising displays of any kind.

Since our races were to be on television, we looked to see if there were any sets for sale. We did see a number of them, but they were very expensive, and we never saw any actually operating around the city. We learned that there is only one station, that it's only on three or four hours a day and by our standards is amateurishly run.

Moscow is an especially quiet place after dark, with very little night life. There are some cafes where people go to eat and then have a drink or two, but very few taverns as such.

Despite all our sightseeing we did find time to skate and train for the meet, sometimes twice a day. We'd start about noon in order to get the benefit of the sun, and work for about 45 minutes. The second session would be longer and more strenuous, starting about 4:30 p.m.

WE TRAINED on the natural ice track where the actual meet was to be held, at the Dynamo stadium on the outskirts of town, a big bowl that looked something like Soldier field, except that it had large pictures of Lenin and Stalin on the scoreboard. Often we would train right along with members of 18 other teams entered in the meet, but the Russian skaters were never to be seen. Apparently they practiced at one of the many other rinks in Moscow.

After four days of training the competition began on Saturday, Feb. 19. The weather had been ideal all week long, hovering right around 20 degrees, but then it turned warm and all of the skaters were disappointed, because that meant the racing would be more difficult. There were 40,000 Muscovites in the stadium for the opening events on Saturday, tho it was raining and sleeting most of the time, even snowing a little.

By 10 o'clock that night the first day of the 1955 world championships of speed skating was history and the results for the American team were as good as we had expected. Don McDermott was third in the 500 meters with a time of 43.2 seconds and I was sixth in 43.4 seconds, the winner being a young Finnish boy who made the distance in 42.6.

The weather was better the next day, but we Americans didn't do as well as we had on Saturday. Our skaters always seem to do better in the sprints, 500 and 1,500 meters, while the Europeans are strong in the longer races. There are several reasons for this difference. Most of our meets are conducted on tracks with six laps to a mile, whereas the Europeans use a quarter-mile track with longer straightaways. Here we skate pack style with a lot of men on the track at once. There they have only two on the track at a time and they race against the clock. The Europeans thus learn to pace themselves better and they use a different style — a longer stroke that gives a greater glide.

The results of the Sunday races did not surprise us, as we knew that a Swede named Sigge Ericsson had been skating very well and had won the European championship two weeks earlier.

The Russians, 80,000 strong on Sunday, apparently had not expected him to be such a threat. One incident showed this very plainly. In the 10,000 meter event Oleg Goncharenko, the best Russian skater this year, was on the track with the top Norwegian. After 20 laps of the 25 lap race the crowd realized that their man would have to go much faster to beat the time the Swede had made earlier. They evidently thought he could have been going faster and they let him know it. They began whistling madly, and in Russia, as elsewhere in Europe, a whistle is equivalent to a boo.

When the points were totaled up on that sunny Sunday afternoon Sigvard Ericsson of northern Sweden was hailed as the world's champion. The crowd saw him fight back the tears that came to his eyes as the Swedish national anthem was played. Goncharenko came in second and Boris Shilkov, also of the U.S.S.R., was third. There was no team rating as such.

WE EXPECTED that after the program was over the crowd would begin filing out of the stadium. Instead, 80,000 people came pouring out on the track. We were a little alarmed at first, but it soon became clear that they just wanted to shake the world champion's

Typical residential house in the Russian capital city is this two-story frame structure shared by as many as half a dozen families. Television antenna on top of house is unusual sign of luxury; TV in Moscow is only on one channel, lasts just four hours a day.

Skaters parade in stadium before the meet. Behind the "U.S.A." sign are, from front: Werket, McDermott, Henry. Teams following are Finland, Czechoslovakia, Switzerland, Sweden and Japan. Procession, and flag displays, were in strict Russian alphabetical order.

hand. The rest of us were also beseiged by the crowd that was jubilant despite the fact that their favorites had missed finishing on top. A group of them picked up our manager and repeatedly tossed him up in the air, shouting something that we later learned was, "We want to be friends."

Our trip had been a wonderful experience, and now we got some practical advice to take home with us. Boris Shilkov told us that his training program is continuous all year around. Every month he and his teammates are in some kind of training – cycling, running, weight-lifting, rowing, something that American skaters never do. Shilkov, who speaks English and is a turbine engineer in Leningrad, spends only 30 minutes to three hours a day at his job during the skating season. After that he is free to train in his sport for the rest of the day, something that American amateurs, of course, cannot do.

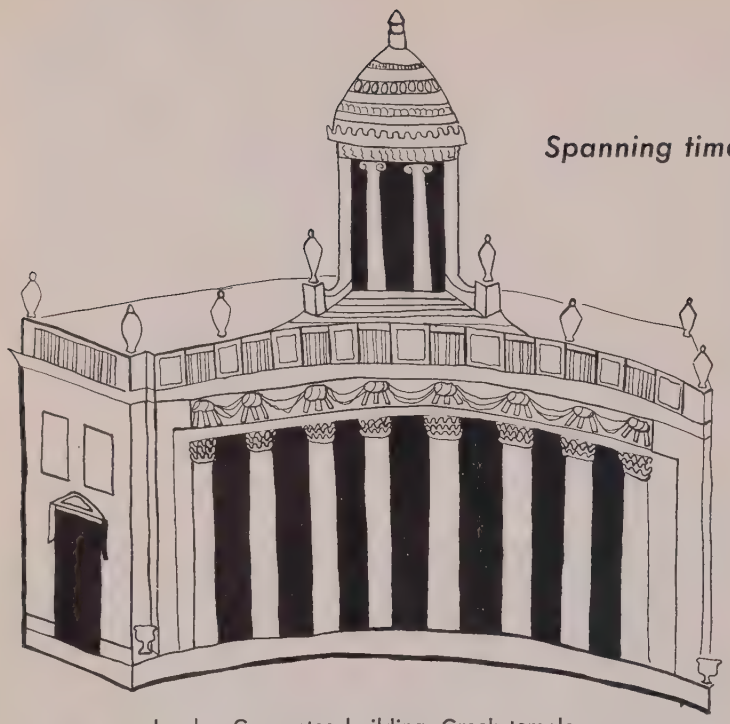
The last day of our stay in the Soviet Union we spent at the University of Moscow, which is an impressive place. We went there with old faithful Nick and toured this massive building where 22,000 students are enrolled. One whole floor was devoted to a display of pictures and samples of products from Red China and we saw quite a number of Chinese students.

We looked in on an advanced physics class. There was a break in the lecture and the students came out in the hall and chatted much as Americans would. We even saw a couple of pretty coeds, the only really attractive women we had noticed during our stay. Nick, straight-faced as always, explained to us about how Yablochkov had invented the light bulb; Popov, the radio; Zhukovsky, the airplane.

That evening we boarded our plane and by 10 p.m. we were back in Sweden. Not one of our bags had been inspected on either crossing of the Russian border.

Spanning time from Babylon to Berkeley Square

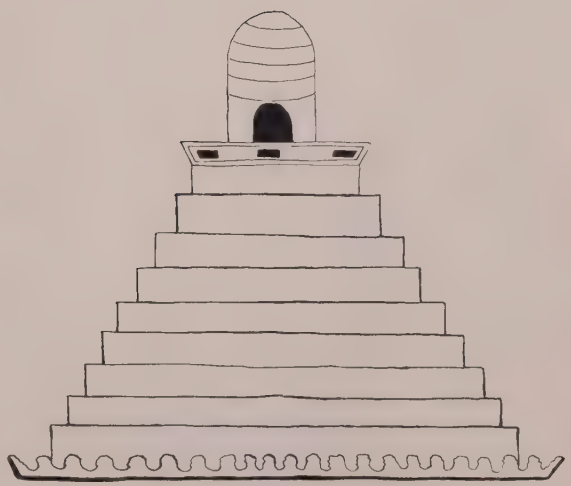
THE VILLAGE



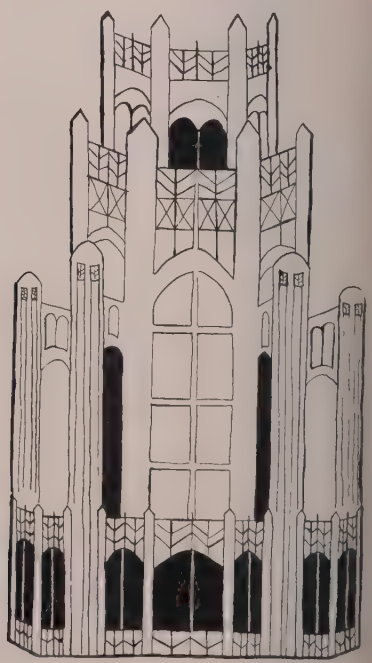
London Guarantee building: Greek temple

drawings by Marilyn Robb Trier

Furniture Mart: Northern Renaissance town house



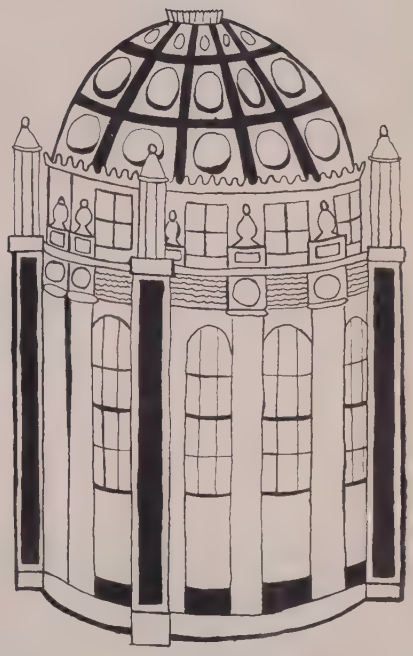
Strauss building: Babylonian ziggurat



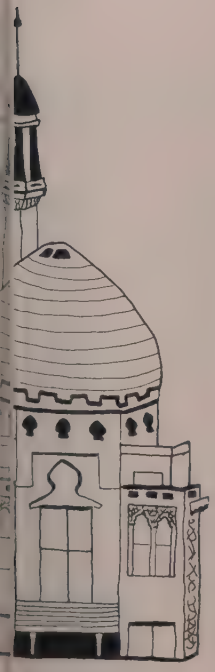
Tribune Tower: polygonal Gothic chapter house with flying buttresses

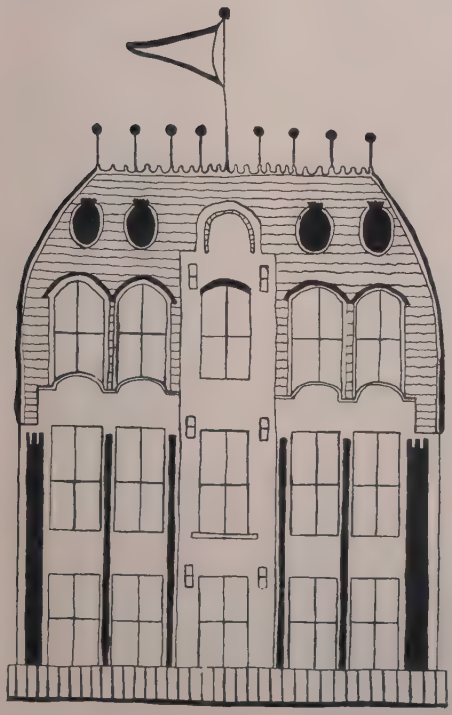
T THE TOP OF THE TOWN

One of the last problems architecture had to solve about skyscrapers was how to terminate them at the top. Tho the towers of most recent date, such as the Palmolive building and the new Prudential, have dignified and logical topmost floors consistent with the whole, the earlier skyscrapers end in an assortment of borrowed ideas. The medieval manor houses and ancient temples on top of the city are not penthouse additions, but are actually part of the buildings, a result of the eclectic search for some way to end the monotonous stories of a tall structure.



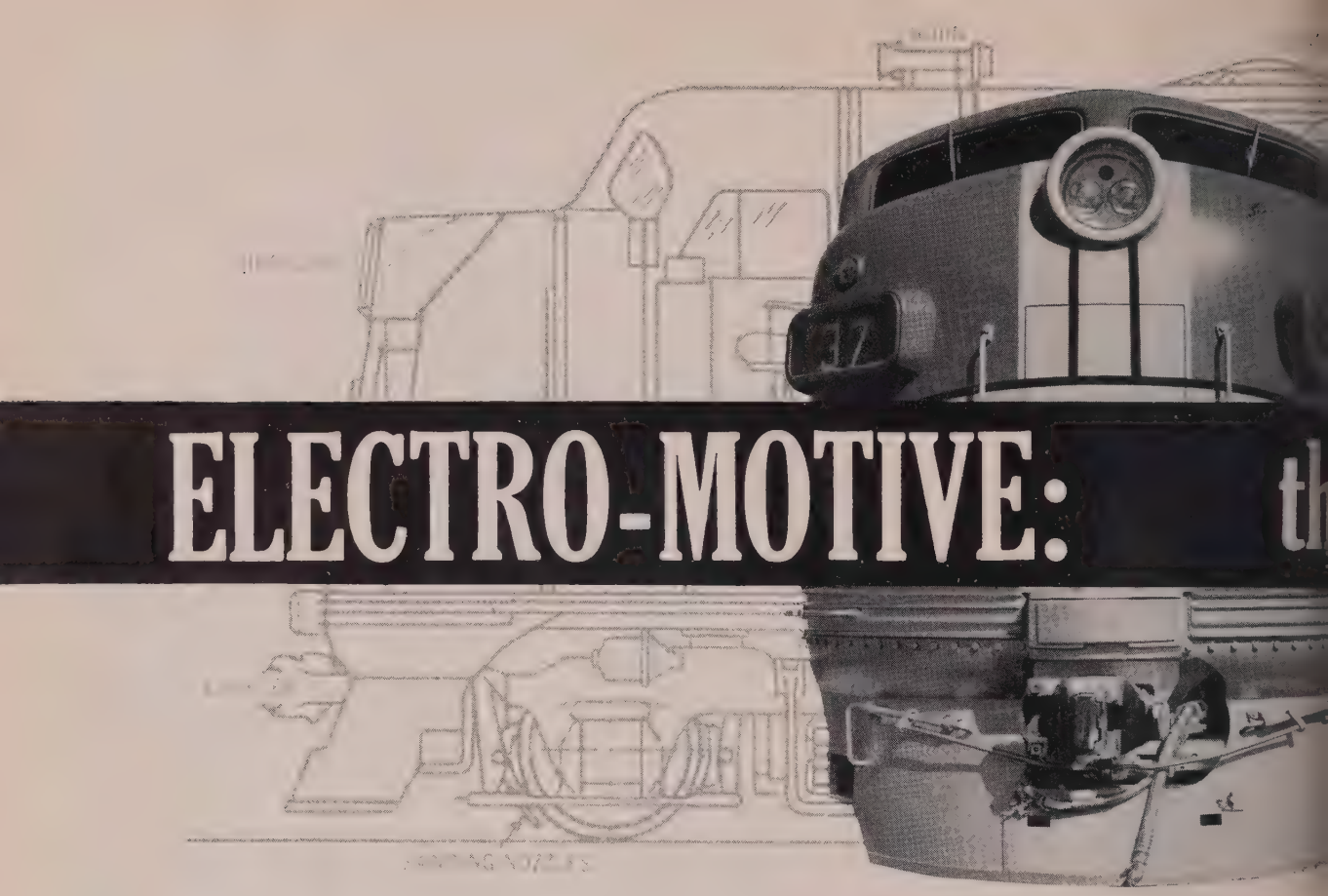
Pure Oil building: circular Roman temple with vaulted dome





Blackstone hotel: Victorian mansion

University club: Gothic manor house



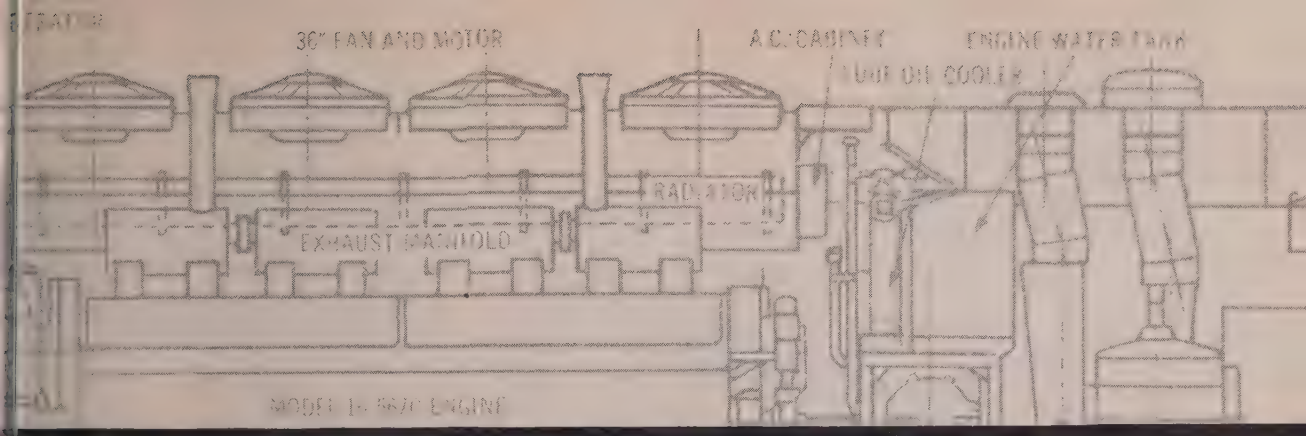
ELECTRO-MOTIVE: th

by Jean Martin

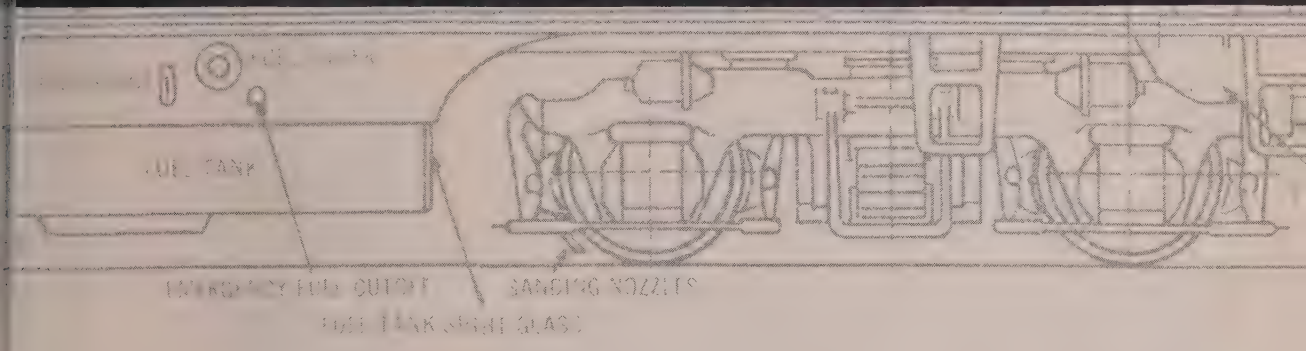
In the dim blue dusk of the opening day of the second year of the World's Fair, a silver streamliner, the first diesel locomotive, moved across the midwestern prairies, flashed along the lakefront, pulled onto the open-air stage of the Wings of a Century pageant, and — with nothing less than Lake Michigan for a backdrop — dramatically heralded the beginning of a new railroading era. The year was 1934 and the train was the Burlington railroad's Pioneer Zephyr, which had just completed the longest and swiftest run in railroad history, the famous dawn-to-dusk trip from Denver to Chicago — 1,015 miles at speeds up to 112.5 m.p.h. averaging 77.6 m.p.h.

Thruout the day radio bulletins had announced its progress across the country to the thousands at the fair, and the crowd that spilled out of the grandstands to surround the Zephyr on its arrival knew that it had seen,

In spectacular conclusion to Electro-Motive assembly line, entire locomotive body is picked up, carried down the floor and set on its wheel trucks.



art of the Railroad Revolution



not a symbolic representation of a moment in history, but the actual split-second when the diesel era was born.

The locomotive that the fair introduced to the world has had an awesome rise in railroading. In the short span of time since the Zephyr's spectacular coming-out party, the diesel locomotive has displaced 85 per cent of the steam locomotives on the rails of this country thru the simple but classic expedient of outstanding performance plus a singular knack for out-doing itself in a pinch.

This city not only provided the background for the debut of the wonder-child of railroading but it has also been the stage for the whole diesel revolution, and of the 22,000 or more diesel locomotives now in service in the United States, some 14,000 were designed and built by one local manufacturer, the Electro-Motive division of General Motors corporation, the creator of the diesel streamliner. Centered just south of La Grange near U.S. 66, in a plant which has about 55 acres and 5,500 employes under roof, Electro-Motive is the only manufacturer in the world equipped to make all of the 70,000 or more component parts that go into a locomotive unit, and it is at present turning them out on a production line basis at the neat but startling rate of five a day. Another 1,500 employes make its cab and nose assemblies in a second plant at 900 east 103rd street.

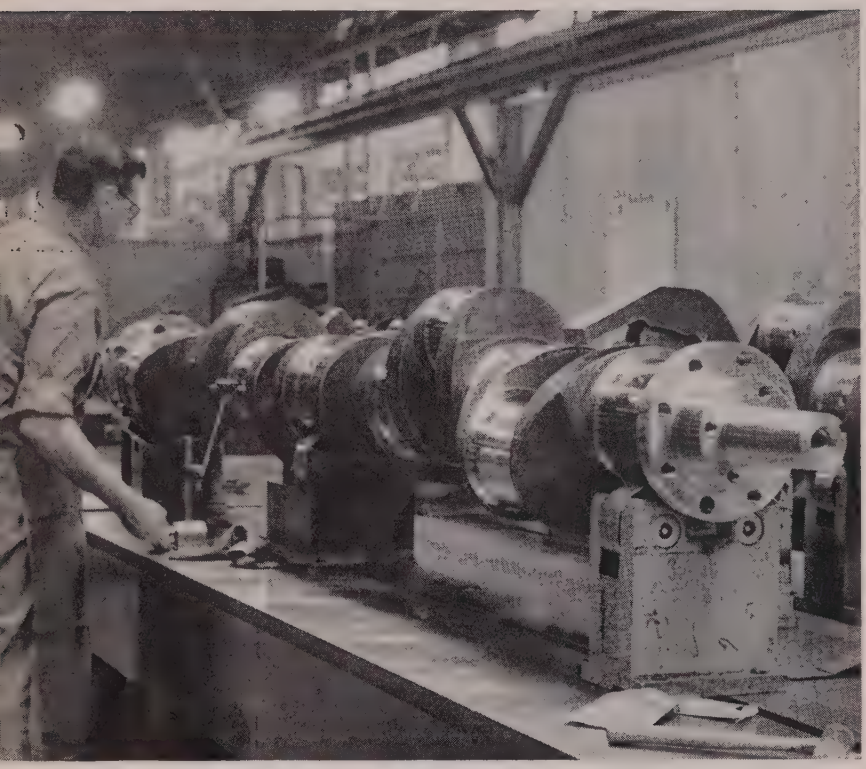
As in the Aesop fable in which a vixen sneers at a lioness because she never bore more than one cub and the lioness replies, "Only one, but a lion," so in an industrial world where automobile plants point to daily production line figures running into thousands, Electro-Motive answers modestly, "Only five, but *locomotives.*" Only five, but some of them destined for such diverse places as Arabia, Pakistan, East Bengal and Alaska; only five, but some of them selling for more than a quarter of a million dollars each; five 120-ton locomotives every day, capable of millions of miles of service each.

Electro-Motive is a name which carries with it the basic idea behind the locomotive itself, meaning that it is electrically powered, and altho the word "diesel" has more popular meaning, the fact is that the diesel engine is merely a means of producing electricity. A diesel locomotive is basically an electric locomotive: the diesel engine runs a generator which produces electric power for traction motors that turn the wheels.

The success of the electric locomotive was not achieved without struggle, nor without elements of a rags-to-riches progression. In the beginning the electric locomotive was

UNION PACIFIC
SOO LINE
CHICAGO E. J. & E. RY. OUTER BELT
ILLINOIS CENTRAL
CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN CORN BELT ROUTE RAILWAY COMPANY
CHICAGO NORTH WESTERN SYSTEM
ERIE

The Pioneer Zephyr.



Crankshaft for diesel engine that will deliver hundreds of horsepower is tested for accuracy of machining by parts inspector and small precision instrument. Plant makes all of the 70,000 parts in a modern locomotive.

In rebuilding bay, where older locomotives are modernized, welders put the torch to crankcases during overhaul of engines to pack in more power.

about as welcome to steam railroading as Good Queen Bess at a gathering of the clans. Steam men, some of them fourth generation railroaders, shied away from the complexities of generators and traction motors and clung to the traditions of boiler railroading with a sentimentality remarkable in our industrial society, but in the end they were defeated by the simple fact that dieselization pays off in a business way.

In 1952, diesel locomotives saved the railroads $604,063,000 in fuel and maintenance costs alone, and this was accomplished with diesels handling 65 per cent of freight traffic, 72 per cent of passenger train mileage and 77 per cent of yard switching. Diesels do twice the work at half the cost of steam and with the unexciting but invaluable ability to work around the clock with as little as five per cent of time out for servicing – compared to 30 to 50 per cent for steam engines – which makes possible rugged runs with monthly travel per unit often exceeding 22,000 miles. And some of the diesel locomotives are still so young (the first unit rolled out of the La Grange yards in 1936; the first freight was not designed until 1939) that the full impact of their performance thru years of experience in heavy duty work has yet to be measured.

Three men have been principally responsible for the ascendency of the diesel locomotive in railroading and for Electro-Motive's prominence in its manufacture: H. L. Hamilton, who organized Electro-Motive and whose concept of a locomotive with an electric transmission set the stage for the appearance of the diesel streamliner; Charles F. Kettering, GM's in-

Huge Electro-Motive plant in southwest suburbc area employs 5,500 persons, has manufacture about two-thirds of the 22,000 diesel locomotiv that are now in service in this country.

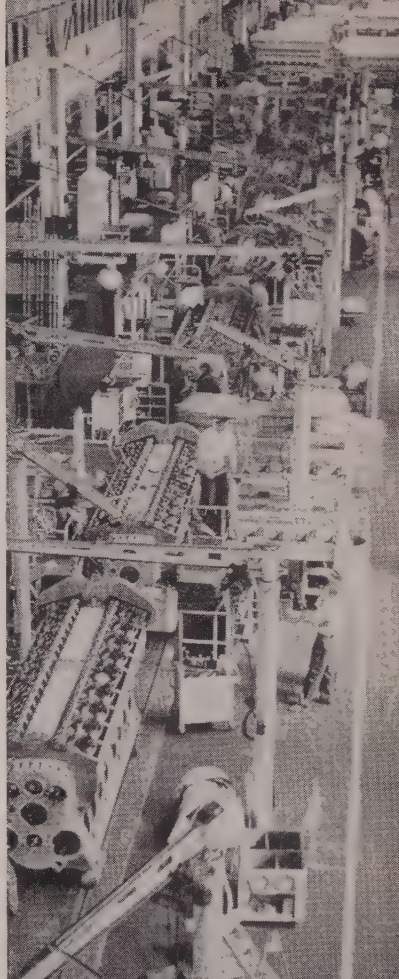
ventive genius who developed the diesel engine to the point where it was possible to apply it as a prime mover in a locomotive, and Ralph Budd, who, as president of the Burlington railroad, at the bottom of the depression when railroads were struggling with the problem of a billion-dollar loss in passenger revenues, decided to chance a risky new product.

IN 1931 BUDD, along with a lot of other railroad officials, was hunting impatiently for a way to restore the passenger traffic, and he decided that the answer lay in a smartly-styled, high-speed train with low passenger fares. Impressed with the performance record of some gas-electric rail cars built by Electro-Motive during the twenties, Budd went to Hamilton looking for a power plant to operate the three-car, stainless steel eye-catcher he was planning. Hamilton took him out and showed him a couple of diesel engines that Kettering was putting together to try out as a power supply for General Motors' Chevrolet exhibit at the World's Fair. Budd was immediately and unabashedly enthusiastic, but Kettering, who knew what it was to have an engine that looked good in theory that had never been tested, was cautious and refused to sell anything that he wasn't sure would even work, so when the engines were installed in the exhibit, Budd was on hand to look them over.

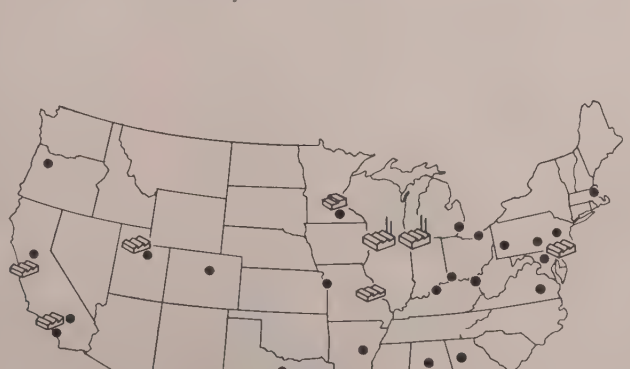
Altho their operating imperfections were obvious (the engines were being cooled by an unlimited supply of water from the lake and were equipped with extra-long exhaust pipes to carry fumes completely clear of the building and give the engines a less primitive appearance), Budd knew they were a revolutionary advance in diesel design, and Hamilton, Budd and Kettering finally arrived at a sort of gentlemen's agreement that they would try the diesel out on the new locomotive and no one would blame anyone else if it didn't work. On this basis the Burlington placed an order for a 600 horsepower locomotive. Hamilton went ahead with adapting the electric locomotive to its generating force; Kettering began working the bugs out of the engine design, and Budd, with characteristic self-assurance, had a little wooden model built and released a story to the newspapers liberally sprinkled with such words as "streamlined," "stainless steel," "aluminum" and "100 miles per hour." Coming as it did at the depths of the depression, the story had an optimistic tone that gave it instant appeal and newspapers from coast to coast played it up until the free space it received was worth well over a million dollars to the railroad.

By the time it was ready to make its run to the fair, the Pioneer Zephyr was already famous; people came out of the fields to watch it pass and crowds gathered at stations where it stopped. Considering that the fastest scheduled steam time for the trip from Denver to Chicago was about 26 hours and that the Zephyr would be trying to do it in 14, plus the fact that the engine was new in design and had only run a few thousand miles on an exhibition tour, Budd's commitment was a risky one. When the Zephyr pulled out of Denver on May 26, many a railroad man was holding his breath, but at exactly 8:09 p.m., despite two incredible pieces of bad luck – a cracked armature bearing that had to be replaced at the last minute, almost delaying the start, and an accidentally severed wire that had to be held together by hand to prevent a stall midway – the Zephyr pulled onto the open-air stage, spectacularly on time.

With the instant success of the Zephyr, Electro-Motive found itself in possesion of a child prodigy whose I.Q. it had no way of estimating. General Motors decided to build a plant for the production of locomotives and Hamilton chose this locality as its site for the elementary reason that this is the railroad center of the nation. By 1936 the first diesel unit rolled out of the yards; in 1939



Diesel engines are put together in a t
utary of main assembly line. Firm ma
eight, twelve and 16 cylinder engin
from 600 to 1,750 horsepower.



Map of U.S. showing:

MANUFACTURING PLANTS
LA GRANGE, AND CHICA

FACTORY BRANCHES—
JACKSONVILLE, HALETHO
ROBERTSON, SALT LAKE
LOS ANGELES, AND EME

PARTS DEPOTS—
FORT WORTH, AND MINN

DISTRICT ENGINEERS
(according to map)

Burlington Route
GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY
C&EI
PRR
LINKING 15 GREAT STATES WITH THE NATION B&O
JERSEY CENTRAL LINES
THE FOURTH OF PHOEBE SNOW Lackawanna
CHICAGO MILWAUKEE ST. PAUL AND PACIFIC

Intricate mystery relating blueprint to finished part is unraveled for youthful employe by senior member with years of production experience.

Locomotive built for Alaska railr carries snow plow in front . . .

crack streamliners were making record-breaking runs all over the country, the utility of the diesel switcher had been established and the freight locomotive had demonstrated its amazingly slight need for repair. Hamilton had expected a gradual acceptance of the diesel over a long period of time, but Electro-Motive found itself snowed under with orders: in 1941 unfilled requests for locomotives (ranging in horsepower from 600 to 2,400) amounted to 450,000 h.p.; in 1942 this leaped to 830,000 h.p.; in 1943 to 1,170,000 h.p. and the figures kept climbing by the week.

Because mass production of an item like a complex 120-ton diesel had never been undertaken before Electro-Motive tackled the job, new production methods had to be invented. Electro-Motive evolved and introduced to industry the sub-assembly system of dividing the work into units, a method comparable to setting up an industrial plant in a moving network like a river and its tributaries, smaller units being built up on moving assembly lines and routed so as to flow into larger assemblies. It is a production system studied by visitors from all over the world. Among the individual assembly lines at Electro-Motive is the only production line in the country on which an engine weighing as much as 55 tons may be turned out, as well as a cab line, at the South Side plant, which is one of the biggest applications of the moving assembly line technique in the world.

TO MANUFACTURE the 70,000 or more parts that go into a locomotive unit, EMD's shop spans industrial operations from the ponderous to the intricate. There are sections where multi-spindled automatic boring machines work on immense crankcases, as well as rooms where precision machines turn out delicately balanced engine parts; at one place there is a shower of flying sparks from welding operations and at another hot metal splashes into a heat-treat tank in a hiss of steam. From all around comes the clang and roar of heavy machinery and the rumble of overhead cranes.

The final assembly bay where smaller units are brought together to make a diesel locomotive is a scene which for industrial spectacle has few counterparts anywhere. Here the massive sections of the locomotive are built up at different places on the long erection-bay floor: the engine and underframe at one spot, the nose and car body at another, and then — in one final, monstrous conclusion — a 200-ton overhead crane picks up the entire locomotive body, carries it down the bay and sets it on its trucks.

Outside the main shop and across the yards there is a paint shop where locomotives receive such embellishments as a Statue of Liberty in gold leaf or the elaborate crest of the Mexican National railroad, and there is a test building where a locomotive is placed on a treadmill and operated at speeds up to 40 m.p.h. under load to check engine performance. Electro-Motive also has other refinements of locomotive production not to be found anywhere else: a test car that has traveled nearly 100,000 miles collecting data on locomotive performance under road conditions, and a traveling diesel school which instructs railroads in the operation and maintenance of their locomotives.

Estimates of the diesel units needed to replace the existing 14,000 serviceable steam locomotives still in operation and bring about total dieselization of railroads range from 8,000 to 10,000. If complete dieselization should occur the whole landscape of railroading will be different; gone will be backshops and roundhouses, water towers, coaling stations and cinder

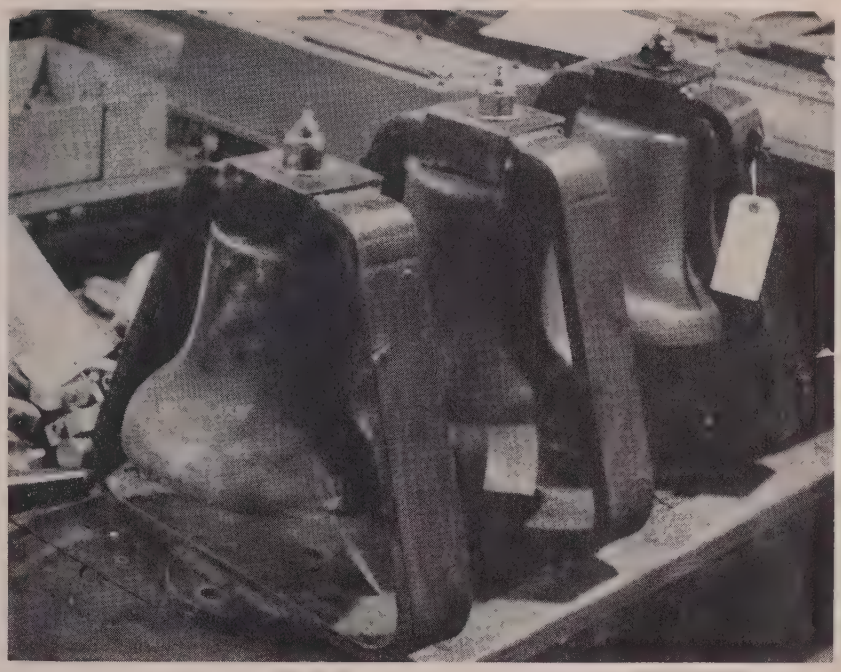
NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM
SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILROAD
Rock Island
Santa Fe
N.C.&St.L
PULLMAN

nother, destined for Saudi
i has sand filter on top.

dumps — and in their place will be the diesel shop, a modern functional maintenance building designed by Electro-Motive to facilitate care of its locomotives and already copied by railroads across the nation. And EMD's influence extends even beyond the network of rails that centers here and spreads across the country. Electro-Motive locomotives are operating in 14 foreign countries and the firm has associates in Canada and Australia.

Railroading has changed completely from what it was for more than a hundred years before the diesel. The old, nostalgic whistle of the steam locomotive in the night, the vague sound of a locomotive longing for faraway places, has given way to the busy hum and peremptory hoot of the diesel, the sound of a locomotive that knows exactly where it is going and means to get there with a minimum of fuss.

In its million-dollar General Motors Locomotive Development center, Electro-Motive's plans are aimed even beyond the diesel era. The engineering department is engaged in a design program that will make new additions to the diesel scene in the near future, and its investigations into possible prime movers other than diesel include a gas-turbine engine now being tested at GM's Allison division. Tho speculation on the potentialities of atomic power usually tends to see it as a omnipotent genie and experimentation is going on elsewhere on an atom-powered locomotive, EMD officials side-step queries about atomic power. They admit, however, that research is in progress in their laboratories on a different kind of new motive force, neither atomic nor diesel. By the time total dieselization has been achieved, another revolution in railroading may be well under way.



Diesels have elminated chuff and toot of steam locomotives from railroad scene, but engine bells are the same as ever, except that they are now hidden under the front of the locomotive.

Besides economic benefits for railroads, diesels provide material comforts for engineers and firemen, who ride in enclosed, heated cabs, with wide-angle view of what's ahead.

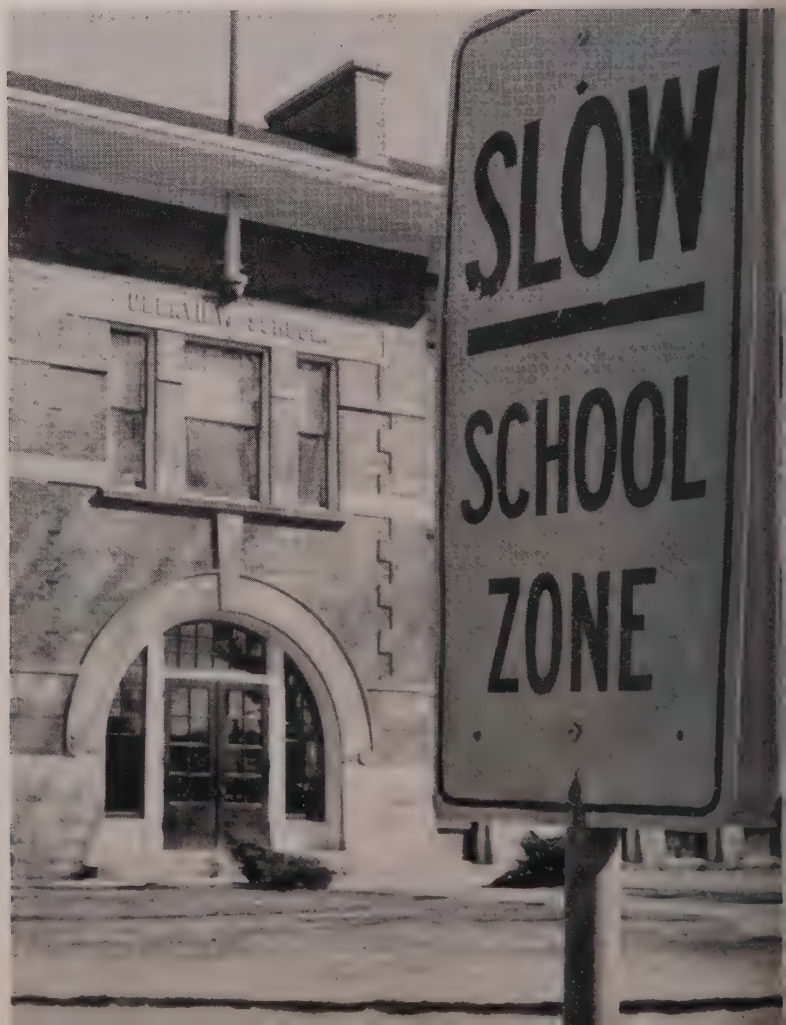
Picture credits, left to right, top to bottom: page 34, Electro-Motive division; p. 36, EMD, Don Bronstein, EMD (2); p. 37, EMD; p. 38, Lee Balterman, EMD; p. 39, EMD, Bronstein.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES
MINNEAPOLIS & ST. LOUIS RAILWAY

BUYING A HOUSE MEANS CHOOSING A SCHOOL

A migrant's key to the diverse facilities and methods of suburban education

by Roy Fisher



photographs by Zdenek Pivecka

A prominent suburban home builder was asked recently what he thought was the most important factor in choosing a home. He answered immediately, "Colored bathroom fixtures."

This builder spoke from experience gained by erecting and selling more than 100 homes a year to metropolitan area families. He knows that the first concern of most prospective buyers is the bathroom, the kitchen or the utility space. One of the last questions he hears is about schools.

Try this out on yourself, if you join the torrent of prospective home buyers to suburban developments this spring. Pay attention to what the salesmen — wise in the ways of the public — emphasize when they show you thru the new model homes. Listen to their pitch about an all-electric kitchen, a garbage grinder and bedroom windows that provide privacy. Schools? You'll have to bring the subject up yourself. And the answer may well be, "Oh, yes, the bus stops right at the corner."

A salesman will supply you with detailed information about financing, insulation, heating system and shingles. But he will give you only vague answers about schools. Too many home buyers accept these answers as sufficient, even tho "to get good schools" probably was their first reason for going shopping for a home. Unfortunately, they often forget what they really went shopping for once they see an automatic dishwasher.

One ominous reason for the home salesmen's vagueness about schools is that in many suburban areas the school crisis does not bear scrutiny. Double shifts, high taxes, teacher shortages and crowded buildings are problems even more acute in suburbia than in the city.

More than 6,000 children in suburban Cook county today are attending school on a half-day basis because there are not enough teachers or classrooms to handle them all day. According to official statistics in the office of Noble J. Puffer, county schools superintendent, there are 155 double shift classes of 40 to 45 students each.

Because of the continuing building boom and high birth rates, enrollment in suburban elementary schools soared to 132,360 this year — an increase of twelve per cent in twelve months. With the influx of students continuing without signs of letup, one-fourth of the county's 132 elementary school districts are at or near the limit of their taxing powers for educational costs, such as salaries for teachers and fuel for buildings. Thirty-nine districts are at the limit of their bonding power for new construction. Overlaying this acute crisis is the fact that state aid to schools in Cook county will fall well below original estimates, unless the legislature authorizes emergency appropriations to make up the deficit.

In district 143½ in Midlothian, for example, the reduction in state aid will curtail available school funds by eight per cent. Similar crises face districts in Oak Lawn, Justice Park and elsewhere. Many school board members are frankly worried about meeting teacher salaries for the remainder of the year.

To meet the school crisis, boards have resorted to a number of makeshift arrangements. In Park Forest and Palatine, single family homes have been pressed into service as schoolrooms. In Prospect Heights, a basement dining room has become a classroom. In Atwood Heights, pupils are attending classes in the village hall.

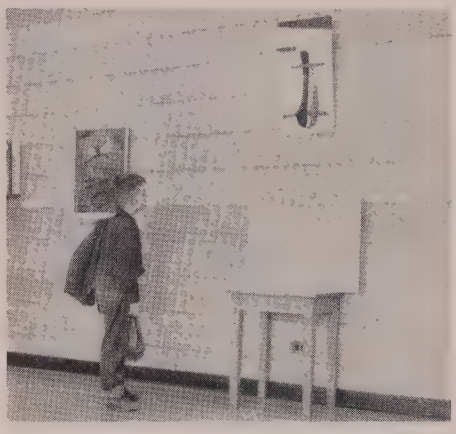
The crisis affects not only the public schools. Parochial systems are equally hit.

"We can't possibly keep up with the building spree," Rt. Rev. Msgr. Daniel F. Cunningham, superintendent for the Roman Catholic archdiocese, said. "We are building as fast as our resources permit, but you don't bring new buildings and new teachers into being overnight. Many schools will be crowded for several years."

In the face of such a crisis, the parent concerned about his children's schooling will take a close look at the local school conditions before he leaps into a new home.

There is no great mystery about schools, even tho many home sales-

BUYING A HOUSE MEANS CHOOSING A SCHOOL



men would create one. The facts on enrollment, finances, teachers and curricula are readily available to any parent who wants them. Statistical summaries covering public schools are published for their convenience. Schools welcome visits from interested parents. And, Msgr. Cunningham suggests, local priests are always glad to discuss parochial school problems with parents who plan to move into the parish.

TO CHOOSE A SCHOOL wisely, Dr. E. T. McSwain, dean of education at Northwestern university, advises parents to find out about a district's financial condition, its physical plant, its faculty and its objectives. And, he might add, it is a good thing also to learn something about its pupils, whose social habits vary greatly from school to school.

One father on the North Shore complains that his high school daughter expects to go dancing until midnight "because all my classmates do it." Another protests that his high school son's classmates get unlimited use of the family car — or drive their own. These are inevitable parent-child conflicts anywhere, of course. But they can be intensified if, thru careless choice of a home, parents put their child into a school where social and economic standards are different from his own.

Statistical reports on a school district's financial and physical condition are available thru the county superintendent of schools, the state superintendent of public instruction or local school offices. The state superintendent publishes a handy *Annual Statistical Report* that provides such information for every public elementary school, high school and junior college in Illinois. This report can be obtained thru local libraries and school offices, or by writing to the state superintendent in Springfield. It lists the tax rate for each district, per student cost, indebtedness, number of pupils per teacher, teacher salaries and other important data. While one cannot evaluate a school solely by statistics, they help.

For example, the "per student" cost of a school is one indication of the importance that taxpayers in a given locality place upon education. It ranges greatly. In Cook county high schools, for example, it varied last year from $703.80 per student at Rich Township high school in Park Forest to $307.50 for Carl Sandburg high school in Palos Park. Be careful of this per student cost figure, however. It's tricky. Because of such factors as interest payments, fiscal periods and non-recurring expenditures, the figure may give a distorted picture. It is best to check the ratio for several years running before coming to a conclusion.

The ability of a school district to meet its education costs can best be judged from the assessed valuation per student. This ranged last year from a high of $151,825 for the Reavis high school district to a low of $28,029 for the Proviso district. Thus it can be seen that some districts, because of their real property wealth, can meet school costs with only one-fifth the effort of others. Factors that tend to ease the burden are industrial establishments, which increase a district's property evaluation without adding to the number of students, and expensive homes, which tend to provide a higher evaluation without a proportionately higher number of students.

The total tax rate levied by a school district is a good indication of what the district's ability is to meet increasing needs of the future. High school and elementary districts are restricted

by law to a maximum tax rate of $1.12½ per $100 assessed valuation for operational expenses. When the rate meets that maximum, it means that the district cannot expand its school facilities unless the appraised valuation is also expanded.

The debt rate of a district is helpful in determining whether existing buildings are paid for and, again, whether there is enough taxing potential left to provide for a new building should one be required.

MANY EDUCATORS believe the most significant statistic in evaluating a school is the teacher load, or the number of pupils per teacher. This bears directly upon the size of the classes and the number of auxiliary activities – such as physical training, music instruction, health supervision and shop courses. Among Cook county high schools, the number of pupils per teacher varies from a high of 29.30 at Bloom to 14.31 at Glenbrook in Northfield and 13.34 at Rich in Park Forest. Complete teacher load data for every elementary school district is contained in the state superintendent's statistical report.

Careful selection of a school, however, cannot be limited to an afternoon with the statistical report. It includes an actual visit to the school. While parents will always find a welcome at school, it is best to check with the principal beforehand in order to learn what regulations are in effect.

When you get there, walk around the school to check on available transportation lines, traffic, the condition of the grounds and the general repair of the building. Neatness and cleanliness are often good indications of a well managed or a mismanaged school. Withhold judgment, however, until you attend a few classes. The classroom, after all, is where a school must stand or fall.

In the classrooms of some Cook county schools, a parent can almost believe he is back in his own elementary school days. The rooms are equipped with the same old fashioned seats in stiff, regular rows; the same old mottos appear above the blackboards, and the careful, disciplined relationship between the teacher and pupils is similar. The method of teaching, if one waits thru a class period, will prove to be essentially the same as in the little red schoolhouse.

In other schools, however, the parent walks into a strange new world. Desks are not desks any more, but comfortable little chairs grouped informally in one part of an oversize classroom. There is a casual give-and-take between pupil and teacher that would have been scandalous a generation ago. And the courses being studied bear only a vague resemblance to the ones that parents took.

For example, on a recent afternoon in one of these modern public schools, the eighth grade girls spent a two-hour class period in an exercise described in the teacher's outline as "learning how to make small talk." ("We feel this is important for social poise," the teacher explained). The sixth grade boys during this period were sitting in a circle telling jokes to each other ("Humor, we feel, is just as important as geography in modern life"). There was a social dancing class in the gymnasium, a baby sitting class in the home arts lab, a course in good grooming for the seventh graders and instruction on safe driving for another group.

That afternoon was a rather unusual example of how many schools are shifting their basic objectives.

"We are trying to prepare today's

RADIO STATION WFMT——

——— **devotes its entire 69-hour weekly broadcast schedule to serious music, drama, poetry, and discussion**

——— **invites you to hear these programs weekdays from 5 P.M. to 1 A.M.; Saturdays from 10 A.M. to 1 A.M.; and Sundays from 10 A.M. to midnight at 98.7 mc ON YOUR FM DIAL**

——— **invites you to subscribe to the monthly WFMT PROGRAM GUIDE and receive advance hourly listings of the programs which can be heard each month, beginning with the May issue**

J. Robert Oppenheimer delivering the British Broadcasting Corporation's 1953 Reith Lectures on **"Science and the Common Understanding."** Mr. Oppenheimer will be heard in six half-hour talks discussing the impact of some scientific discoveries on the intellectual and cultural life of the times.

Complete BBC dramatizations of:
Shakespeare's **"As You Like It"** (2 hours)
Robert Louis Stevenson's **"Treasure Island"** (1½ hours)
Anton Chekov's **"Ivanov"** (with John Gielgud)
Shakespeare's **"King Henry IV"** (part 1) (2½ hours)

Complete and uninterrupted performances of:
Wagner: "Tristan und Isolde"
Stravinsky: "The Rake's Progress"
Puccini: "Manon Lescaut"
Johann Strauss: "Wiener Blut"
Verdi: "A Masked Ball"
Leoncavallo: "I Pagliacci"
Rossini: "The Silken Ladder"
Gilbert & Sullivan: "Pirates of Penzance"
A **World Folk Music** Festival
Library of Congress chamber music concerts (weekly 2 hour performances)
Yale University Collegium Musicum, Paul Hindemith cond.
Dr. S. I. Hayakawa with "Hayakawa's Jazz Seminar"
"Masterworks from France" produced by **Radiodiffusion Francaise**
Louisville Symphony Orchestra performances of contemporary music
Gilbert Seldes and "The Lively Arts"
"Sacred Service" by Bloch
David Randolph with **"Music for the Connoisseur"**
Mendelssohn's **"Elijah, Op. 20"** (complete oratorio)
Studs Terkel's "Almanac"
Organ Recitals by **Dr. Edward Eigenschenk**
Mozart's "Requiem Mass in D, K. 626"
Kathleen Ferrier singing Mahler's **"Kindertotenlieder"**
"Poetry Magazine on the Air"
Gilbert Highet talks on **"People, Places and Books"**
Schubert **"Die Winterreise, Op. 69"** (complete song cycle)
Virgil Thomson's "Stabat Mater for Soprano and String Quartet"
Haydn's **"Missa Cellensis in C"**
"Wonderful Town" and **"Plain and Fancy"**
Playwright's Theatre Club productions of **Moliere's** "Misanthrope" and Georg Buchner's **"Wozzeck"**

221 North La Salle Street
Chicago 1, Illinois
Telephone: STate 2-5668

Please send a _____ year's subscription to the monthly WFMT PROGRAM GUIDE.

Enclosed is $_____ ($4 for 1 year; $10 for 3; $15 for 5)

Please Bill me _____.

name_____

address_____

_____

zone

design by Joe Phelan

children to meet life successfully in all its fields," one suburban principal explained. "We will provide them with the skills they need, regardless of whether these skills can be catalogued under the traditional three R's."

In many suburban schools today, superintendents consider the old fashioned report card more of a liability than an asset. Instead, parents are asked to come in for monthly or quarterly conferences with the teacher. Most of these schools seldom, if ever, "flunk" a student. Instead, if a child is slow to learn, the school will offer special training to help him overcome his handicap.

These innovations in education have not come about without controversy. Neither have they become universal. A parent choosing a school can still pick an "old fashioned" one if he desires. If he selects a school with a large enrollment, he may actually be offered a variety of curricula for his child.

Evanston high school, for example, is an education supermarket. It offers a college preparatory course heavily loaded with classical subjects such as history, literature and mathematics. It gives accelerated courses for the gifted child. It offers another curriculum de-

signed for the child who will not go to college. There is a special section for mentally handicapped children, who are taught whatever abstract learning they are capable of absorbing and, in addition, a manual craft that will help them to support themselves. Besides these, there is a special "new school" that follows the most progressive techniques of group activity learning.

By careful shopping for a home, parents can choose a school that will be a creditable partner in the task of rearing a family. And, as Dean McSwain points out, the credit goes both ways. There is nothing that bolsters a school system more than careful parents. For schools, unlike colored bathroom fixtures, are living institutions which reflect — and also create — the strength of American civilization.

A STATISTICAL PICTURE OF COOK COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL DISTRICTS

DIST.	LOCATION	Per Student Cost	Per Student Asses. Val.	Total Tax Rate	Debt Rate	Number of Students	Teacher Load
200	Oak Park-River Forest	$613.22	$ 97,882	.5720	none	2,632	22.30
201	Morton (Cicero-Berwyn)	601.54	105,902	.5920	.1417	4,141	20.91
202	Evanston	689.71	109,084	.7420	.0612	2,494	20.11
203	New Trier (North Shore)	651.48	105,121	.7740	none	2,582	17.21
204	Lyons (La Grange)	536.84	73,286	.8440	.0678	2,060	22.50
205	Thornton (Harvey)	528.45	57,983	1.076	.1975	2,795	21.17
206	Bloom (Chicago Heights)	380.09	51,581	.904	.0577	2,227	29.30
207	Maine (Park Ridge-Des Plaines)	396.70	64,494	.7940	.1668	2,270	24.67
208	Riverside-Brookfield	583.42	69,845	1.070	.2719	1,086	22.16
209	Proviso (Maywood)	451.39	28,029	.8960	.0702	3,669	23.67
210	Lemont	466.49	50,515	.9800	.0994	266	20.46
211	Palatine	545.83	61,489	1.1260	.2880	505	17.41
212	Leyden (Franklin Park)	520.27	81,773	1.1240	.3408	1,515	20.47
214	Arlington	462.15	66,582	.8720	.1279	1,339	22.31
215	Thornton Fractional (Calumet City)	360.34	45,289	1.046	.0555	1,217	28.30
217	Argo	706.70	59,774	1.232	.3089	739	22.39
218	Blue Island	457.57	39,087	1.236	.2025	887	21.19
219	Niles (Skokie)	489.90	138,017	.6120	.0171	1,280	19.39
220	Reavis (Stickney)	691.57	151,825	.6420	.1147	627	23.22
224	Barrington	690.65	84,238	1.0000	.2320	493	18.25
225	Glenbrook (Northfield)	924.23	95,243	1.0920	.3404	644	14.31
227	Rich (Park Forest)	703.80	86,061	1.242	.4185	504	13.34
228	Bremen (Tinley Park)	395.17	39,030	1.660	.4270	886	22.66
229	Oak Lawn	456.97	39,935	1.314	.2476	761	23.78
230	Sandburg (Palos Park)	307.05	53,202	1.142	.2806	489	23.00

BOOK LOVERS!

Visit our new "lower level" room, entirely stocked with paperbound books. Coffee is served while you browse or relax in comfortable chairs. Listen to soft music while rummaging thru shelves containing a remarkable collection of reprints.

Stuart Brent Book Store
670 N. MICHIGAN AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
DE 7-6357

FOR THE BEST IN MUSIC . . .

For YOUR Buick...

it's

BONNIE BUICK

1033 Chicago Avenue
Evanston, Illinois

•

as advertised on your good music station

ON AM 1330 | 105 ON FM

BIRTHDAYS from the OCEAN

poems by

Isabella Gardner

"I have been much moved by them . . . most remarkable because of what they reveal of the character of their author, her straightforwardness and the unflinching character of her mind."

—William Carlos Williams

$3.00

Houghton Mifflin Co., 2 Park St., Boston, Mass.

Commissary Incorporated

The largest industrial caterer operating exclusively in the Chicago area

1945 N. Sheffield

READ MORE IN LESS TIME WITH GREATER ACCURACY

Your reading speed may be doubled in two weeks. All private instruction. Problem cases considered individually. By appointment only.

AUDIO-VISUAL INSTITUTE
140 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 2, Illinois
Phone RAndolph 6-4166

So with a Sweeping Bow I Say Farewell

I am those hoodlums with their hats and dark
Blue suits and coats and shoes that shine and eyes
That only look from side to side to side
Beneath uncomplicated brows. I feel
Their craving in a darkness of my mind.
My eyes can only glance; and so I drink,
Forget the moon is shining on the lake,
And take a taxi somewhere, somewhere far.
(A figure in a cloak and opera hat
With discontent is pacing to and fro
Within rococo rooms that are myself;
He does not rest nor does he let me rest.)
I must be moving on; there is no time
To pause and smile and talk too long with friends.

Richard Brennan

COFFEE

The word gets a fabulous new meaning when you try

CAFE ESPRESSO

COFFEE LOVERS — the ultimate in all the fine, rich flavor and bouquet coffee can have!

HOSTS and HOSTESSES — the sophisticated touch that lifts entertaining out of the ordinary!

BACHELORS — etchings are old hat.

Now — enjoy Cafe Espresso in your own home! Quickly, easily, safely — Riccardo's "Vesuviana" cafe espresso maker uses not hot water, but LIVE STEAM under tremendous pressure, to penetrate and bring out the very essence and soul of coffee . . . all the flavorful oils and aromatics that are lost in ordinary methods of making coffee.

A conversation piece and an epicure's delight for your own table. Actually simpler and easier than ordinary "coffee pots" or percolators!

RICCARDO ENTERPRISES, 437 N. Rush, Chicago 11, Illinois

Gentlemen: Please send me the checked item(s). My check or money order is enclosed. (No C.O.D.'s, Please!)

- ☐ The 6 demitasse size (2 cups) $15.25
- ☐ The 9 demitasse size (4 cups) 17.50
- ☐ The 12 demitasse size (6 cups) 22.95

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

The Measuring Stick of America

beginning a column of comment by James T. Farrell

drawing by C. Oldenburg

t is now almost 24 years since I left Chicago "for good," carrying ith me the manuscript of my first ovel, *Young Lonigan.* I believed then iat I was burning my bridges behind ie. But we do not destroy the bridges our past. And Chicago is a part of y past. I am always leaving it and ways returning. And every time that go back, I learn something about yself and about Chicago.

At one period of my life, I disliked lis city. Again, my feelings about it ere ambivalent. Now, I like it. I en- y going back. And it is a great pleas- e to me to be able to inaugurate a olumn in a Chicago magazine.

I sit in a Miami hotel writing the st of these columns. The day is arm and the sun is inviting. But as I main here in my hotel room, think- g about Chicago, it occurs to me at since that cold April night when left in 1931, I have sat in many hotel oms and I have walked the streets of any cities, thinking about Chicago. his has happened in Los Angeles and ew York, Washington and Minne- olis, Paris and London and Istanbul. memory of Chicago rises in my ind at some moment in practically ery day of my life. I have lost most my nostalgia concerning my boy- od past on the South Side. My ind turns to a Chicago of the present. d now it is a different city from at which I knew. Its problems are out as enormous as its promise is eat. Its life pounds like a mighty art of America. Some thought about e life and problems of the city oc- rs to me. Something more that I nt to write about Chicago comes me. For this city is a part of my- lf, and of my total life experience.

Often, I recall the skyline of Chi- go at sunset. I have seen the sky- es of many cities, but none that is impressive, as magnificent, as fan- stically beautiful as the skyline of icago. Riding by on the outer drive sunset, I have seen the skyscrap- ers stand like the towers of an unbelievable city. Beauty gives a sense of strangeness. And Chicago then becomes strangely beautiful. It calls to one like an undiscovered and unknown world. One sees not only power and achievement in this skyline, set against the spectacular background of the declining sun: one also sees a new grandeur, and one realizes that America is still the new world, and that here is its great representative.

But then, thinking of the familiar skyline, I cannot but also recall the blight that lies behind it and that stretches away from it for miles. This contrast dramatizes much of the character of this city. Chicago can grow and become a fabulous city: or it can deteriorate and waste all of its promise. In many ways, Chicago has always served me as a measuring stick of America. The day by day consciousness of America can be felt in Chicago more quickly and keenly than in most other American cities. The sudden growth of the city, its wealth, its great potentialities suggest what is possible in America. And its areas of decay, the bigotry and narrowness that still remain in the minds of some of its citizens, and a lack of imagination about civic spirit can all lead to its decline. Which will happen? The answer to this question will be given in action, in thought and effort and work that is concentrated upon our many problems.

Chicago has never stopped growing. This is one of the facts about it which continually startles and impresses me on my many returns. I remember especially a visit in the fall of 1942. One of my brothers took me for a drive on the Southwest Side. When I was a boy, this area was prairie land with a few lone houses scattered here and there. And as if overnight, an enormous plant had been built, spreading out for blocks. Now, it is operated by Ford. And in Chicago and America, this kind of miracle has been achieved for decades. It seems so ordinary and natural to us that we fail to grasp its full significance. We fail to perceive that America is one of the most revolutionary developments in history. The promise of the future, felt by our forbears, is now greater than it ever was. But the time seems to have come when more of that promise must be realized in the present and not merely wished for as something awaiting us in a distant future.

Sometimes thoughts like these produce in me a sense of bewilderment. I can remember back to the time when Chicago was a few neighborhoods to me. I can recall when it seemed like a small and narrow world and what lay beyond it was exciting and romantic. And I can remember too when I wanted to get the hell out of it as fast as I could.

I wanted to go to New York, to Paris, to cities where the life would be richer, fuller and more stimulating.

But now, sitting here and reflecting as I have, I realize that Chicago, also, is stimulating, and that it can be new and exciting. Our own backyards are undiscovered worlds. In our backyards, there is much that we can do that will link up with what happens in the rest of the world. And once Chicago begins to clean up that backyard behind the skyscrapers on Michigan avenue it will be in a position to make of itself a city that stands as a great example to the world. The possibilities and potentialities of a city like Chicago are almost unimaginable.

MR. ADVERTISER . . .

ARE *YOU* SELLING IN *DOWNSTATE* ILLINOIS?

WCIA 3

Channel

. . . SERVING ILLINOIS' 2nd MARKET HAS:

- MORE AUDIENCE THAN ALL OTHER STATIONS COMBINED IN THE CENTRAL ILLINOIS-WESTERN INDIANA AREA
- CBS — NBC — DUMONT TELEVISION NETWORKS
- THE GREATEST AREA COVERAGE IN ILLINOIS-INDIANA OF ANY ILLINOIS STATION DUE TO MAXIMUM 100,000 WATTS ON CHANNEL 3 TRANSMITTING FROM A 1,000 FOOT TOWER (tallest structure in Illinois).
- THE ONLY VHF SIGNAL SERVING THE AREA BETWEEN CHICAGO-INDIANAPOLIS-ST. LOUIS
- A PRIMARY SERVICE TO OVER 1,700,000 PEOPLE

for COMPLETE coverage of:

SPEND YOUR ADVERTISING DOLLARS ON . . .

BLOOMINGTON
CHAMPAIGN-URBANA
DANVILLE
DECATUR
RANTOUL
MATTOON
SPRINGFIELD

WCIA 3

Channel

OFFICES & STUDIOS:
509 S. NEIL, CHAMPAIGN, ILL.

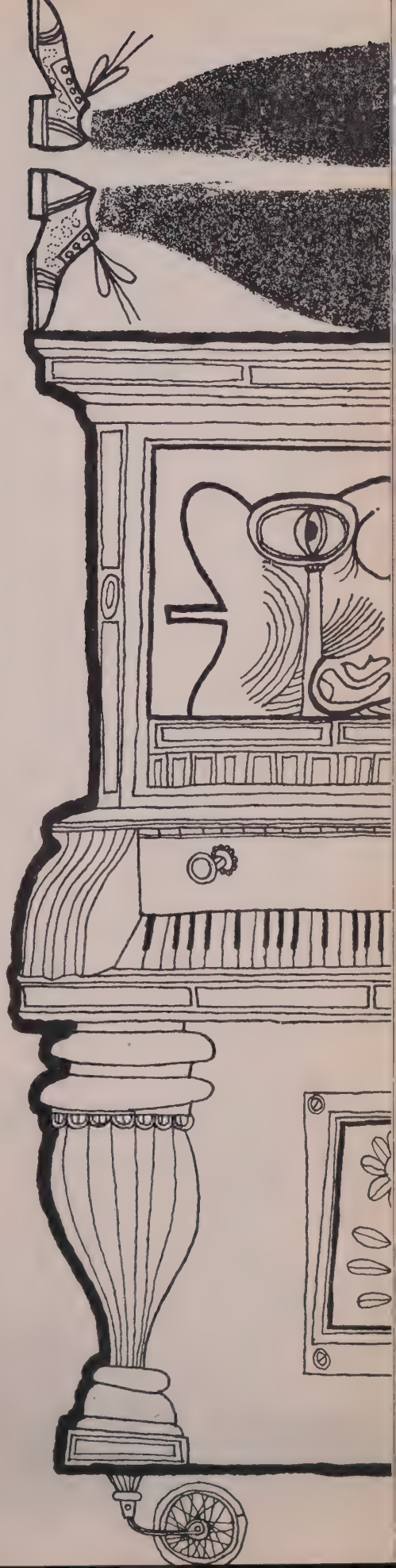
TRANSMITTER:
SEYMOUR, ILLINOIS

Chicago Representative: GEORGE P. HOLLINGBERY CO.

Man, This Is the End

An Idiomatic Fantasy

by James Hamrick



Eight miles south of those insane Marshall Field windows, man, where 63rd street meets Stony Island avenue in a mess of "L" tracks, neon poetry, and general swing. In one of the flyest joints in the world, man. A bunch of young fools gathers each evening to cut up on a wide variety of musical instruments which they refer to logically enough as "axes."

They call themselves cats. And, as a general rule, from tourists they remain aloofest. But every now and then, if a square doesn't come on too homicidal, or happens to be a wild looking chick, an exception is made. Such an exception had been made by Lennie Parker in the case of one Marcia O'Reeny, whom he considered the gonest chick in the world. And now he was bugged almost out of his skull over it.

Three weeks ago everything had been like the greatest. He had been booked into the aforementioned joint as house piano player. He had picked up on a part time hame with the secret service, and with the loot he was able to cop from these two gigs he had bought himself a flip '46 Pontiac, and, man, he was even learning to play the piano. He had been the straightest. Then Marcia had come on his scene one night in her Italian waif's haircut and he goofed.

He had been sitting at the bar painting the popcorn blue when this chick made her attack. Big Millie, the barmaid, was in a yoga trance at the rear of the room. Stan Miles was tuning his bass and whistling *Laura* in twelve keys on the bandstand. And MacVouteo Hippy, the local down disk jockey, was sounding everybody from his radio over the bar, when suddenly this perfume was in the air all around. Wow, Dad! It was the end. It smelled like crazy human body. Man, the voice that went with it was even greater.

"Please —" it said, swinging in on the beat like a frantic alto. "Please, may I use your telephone?"

Big Millie answered from somewhere way out in the universe. "Certainly, dear," she said. "But it's in use right now."

The alto sat down on the stool next to Lennie. "Then I'll make a Coke while I cool it like," it said.

"Solid," Big Millie murmured dreamily. "Lennie, like lay a Coke on this chick."

Man, the chick's radiations were coming on like bongo beats, and Lennie was like stoned out of his mind. It took him a half-hour of 30 seconds to make the other side of the bar but he finally came thru.

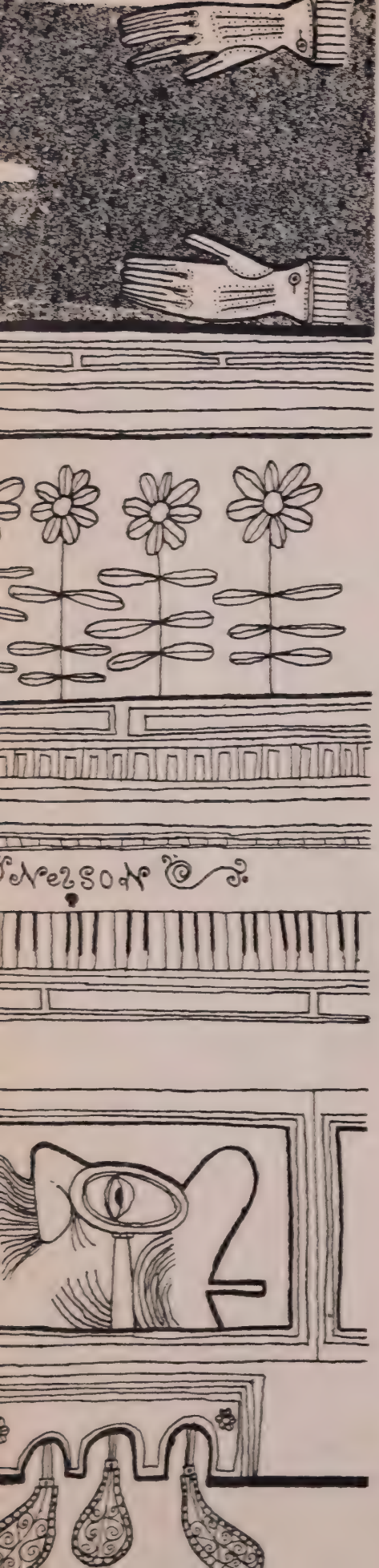
Extracting a bottle from the cooler, he sounded her casually. "You dig jazz, man?" he asked, dropping the Coke on the floor and placing the bottle cap in front of her.

"Certainly," she answered, ignoring his goof and lighting a cigaret on his forehead. "Everyone digs jazz, and my name isn't Man, it's Marcia."

"You dig Stealing, Marcia?" he asked carefully, leaning with his elbow on the bar.

"Do I what?" she exclaimed, and burned a hole in his coat sleeve.

He put his finger over the burned



spot. "I mean do you like Igor Stealing's piano playing?"

"I don't think I've ever heard him." she said, and burned a hole in his finger.

"Ouch!" he muttered softly, putting a nickel in the barside Wurlitzer. "You'll dig him, man. He's the most."

LENNIE PUT his eyes on, and looked closely at her while the machine was making his selection. Man, she was as tiny and as perfectly put together as a Haynes piccolo. Her nose was small, turning up just enough, with the cutest of dimples in the tip. She had a trombone player's crazy, full chops, all the eyes in the world, and her wig came on like the wind was blowing thru it all the time. The Wurlitzer finished its selecting, and love swung into the room disguised as a jazz quintet.

"Oh, yes," she said, interrupting the tenth measure. "That's the stud who blows piano with an English accent."

Lennie's eyes flew open. "Wow!" he said and flipped. Stan Miles appeared conveniently in their scene and picked Lennie up off the floor. "Come on, Ace," he said. "Like it's time to blow."

"You going to stick around?" Lennie asked, reluctant to leave.

She blew a frown at him. "I don't know. My Daddy's waiting for me and he gets hacked when I'm late."

He took a quart of ice cream from his inside pocket and handed it to her. "Like I'm going to wail this set just for you," he coaxed, starting in the direction of his box.

"Man, you're the coolest," she said. "But all I'll say is, I don't know."

"That's crazy," he said and took the escalator up to the stand.

Man, his blowing was too much. He blew blues up and down, and then he blew them sideways and then oblique. He suspended them in mid-air and let them hang there. Man, he swung, and when he came off the stand Marcia was gone, and the world had crumbled like an old clarinet reed.

He dragged himself over to the bar, carrying his head in his hands. Man, he was the brought-downest. Big Millie was talking heatedly to a large, dark cat at the bar. This stud was shaped like a baritone saxophone, and even his hair was made of suede. He was wearing a Selmer sax strap for a tie and the left tab of his collar flowed into the street. He flipped a bird record nervously as Big Millie talked to him.

"Now where are my specs?" she was saying to the man as she dug in the pocket of her shroud. "I can't read this thing without my bops."

Lennie swung over to them. "Here, lay it on me," he said. "Like I'll blow it for you."

He took a large oval card from Big Millie's mitt and began to read. "I AM COSMO FREELOVE" was written on the paper in large purple letters, "AND I DON'T DIG ANY UNNECESSARY CONVERSATION. I AM A BIG, BAD SYNDICATE HOOD AND I WILL ROUGH YOU UP LIKE IN THE MOVIES IF YOU DON'T LAY SOME GEETS ON ME FOR LIKE PROTECTION." Lennie finished and looked the man up and down. The man bent over double and looked Lennie down and up. They switched. Big Millie was coming from behind the bar as Lennie straightened up.

"Cut out," she said. "Like I don't even pay my taxes, Daddyo."

The dark stud reached into his cuff and took out another card. He laid it on Lennie, and Lennie read obediently. "AWROOT." The paper was lettered in turquoise this time. "BUT DON'T SAY I DIDN'T HIP YOU."

The stud cut out.

Man, Lennie was like completely out of his mind over Marcia. All the rest of that night and the next day, which turned out to be a week in disguise, he wigged about her. He wigged and wigged until he had wigged so much he was starting to goof. Then suddenly the solution crawled up alongside his head and exploded in his ear like a three-foot cymbal. Man, the chick dug him.

"Like I've got you under my skin —" he sang as he flew to work the next evening.

He was in the bar about half an hour when he dug something was definitely un-cool. Big Millie had turned into an old, bald-headed cat, and Stan Miles was wearing a white blouse and peddle-pushers. Then he dug. Like the joint where he worked was next door. Straightening his mind, nonchalantly he split.

He made it next door and there she was, sitting on the bass drum dropping off-beat bombs with her heel.

"Greetings O'Rooney," she said with a twisted smile.

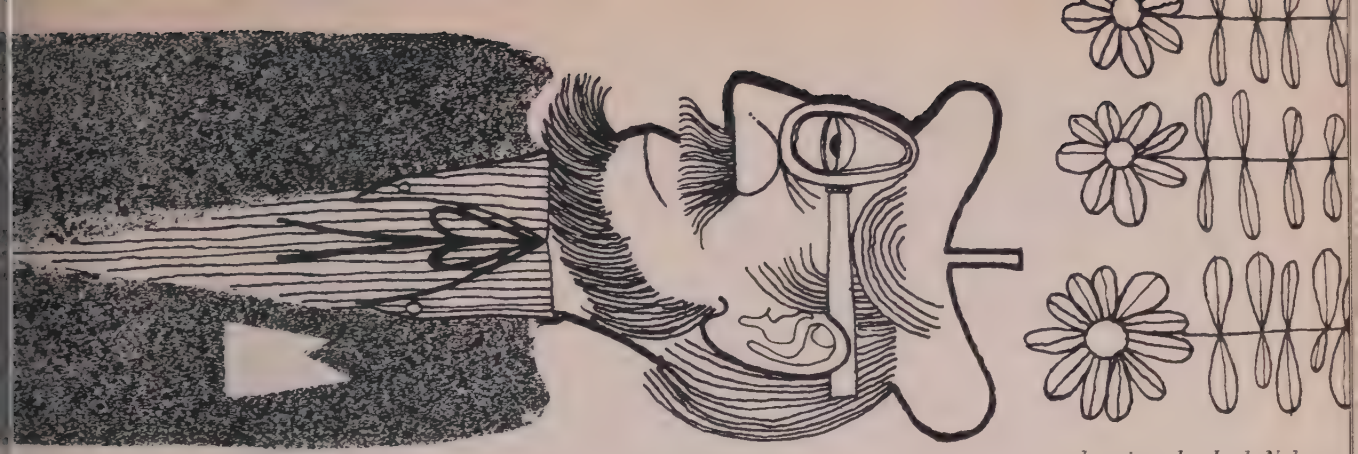
Lennie brushed a flycat off his vine.

"Everything's cool." She continued dragging the beat. She came down suddenly in a blaze of cymbal beats and flaked out on a stool next to him. They sat there for about an hour and communicated, then Lennie spoke.

"Like I'll get a cat to sit in for me and we'll go cop us some listen, yes?"

"Yea," she said, slipping into her trench coat and a phone booth. "I've got to call my Daddy, but it won't take a minute."

Man, did they do up the town. Oh man, did they do up the town. Lennie was hip to places the FBI



drawings by Jack Nelson

didn't even know about. At one place where Red Baker was blowing up a storm, she stuck her tongue out at him. "Man, you move me the most," she whispered.

"Wow twice," he said, eating up her left ear.

THEY MADE IT the next night, and the next, and the next. And for Lennie the world was one big, gone ball. But all was not gin and roses, man. One night as they drove to her shack on Woodlawn avenue, she came on singing a tale of woe.

"Checkmate," he said, moving his knight into her queen three, and lowering his feet from the steering wheel.

She scooped up the chessmen and took her foot off the accelerator. "I just can't keep my mind on the game," she said. "Like my Daddy's blowing his natural top about me staying out so late."

He parked the short and they went into a corner drugstore. They took adjoining booths and he called her number. "So what happens now?" he said when she answered.

"Like in a moment of madness," she answered. "I laid the whole story on him like a big ton of timbali riffs. That's what happens now, man."

They left the drugstore and Lennie went into a Western Union office. That was the last Marcia saw of him for two days. Then one evening she met him in the alley behind the Tivoli theater. He laid a telegram on her.

"DEAR MARCIA," it read. "SOMETIMES YOU GIVE ME A BIG PAIN. STOP."

"Where do I give you a pain?" she asked as they climbed over a wall into Oak Woods cemetery.

He brushed a jackroller from his shoulders.

"In my *hip* pocket."

Man, the only thing he figured he could do was to see her old man and try to cool everything. Like he had no idea what kind of stud the old gent might be, but Lennie was a pretty fast talker when the occasion arose, and he was sure he could preach her Daddy a swift sermon and straighten everything out.

"Got any scarf in the icebox?" he asked her, as they climbed the fire escape up to her pad.

"I think there's some chopped avacado and strawberry sandwiches left from lunch," she said, opening the window. He followed her inside.

There was a little thin cat curled up in a box in the corner and he asked her if that was her old man.

"No, that's just Weirdy," she answered. "Like he came over to listen to the symphony."

She made it into the kitchen and he looked around. Man, he was naturally gassed by her crib. Like it was the nuttiest. All the rooms were round, and a huge portrait of Freud's mind hung from the ceiling.

She returned, leading her Daddy on a six-foot rope. He was a typical sort of gray looking old stud, and he wore a leopard-skin loincloth. His eyes were shaded by amoeboid glasses and when he moved his lips his face came on kind of stiff. No sounds came out of his mouth, so Lennie started to blow.

"Like I just came up here to hip you —" he started.

Suddenly the man took a card from his shoe. He handed it to Lennie. There was one big letterless word printed in beige ink, "SURPRISE."

When Lennie looked again the man had removed his face. Man, it was none other than Cosmo Freelove. Marcia started to sing in a low, soft voice.

"That's my great big butter and egg man," she sang.

Lennie took a handy author's tablet from his pocket. There was a typewriter in the kitchen and he went in and inserted a sheet of the paper. He worked for about half an hour, then stepped back into the room. He handed the paper to Marcia.

"Excuse me, men —" she read aloud, "but I've got to split to a late flick." Then Lennie cut out.

And now, man, he was back in Big Millie's, bugged almost out of his skull. He didn't care that Marcia had almost got him killed. He didn't care that she was living with a hood. Man, she was the chick he wanted to marry.

The last set was over and he had taken the convenient gun that Stan Miles kept stashed in his bass, determined that the next scene was going to be the end. As he put the gun to his temple, Big Millie turned on the radio.

"And now —" said the radio, "— the East-West Gas company . . . serving Chicagoland with dependable natural gas . . . brings you the MacVouteo Hippy show." Lennie cocked the hammer.

"Hey, wait a minute, Dad —" said the voice of MacVouteo. "Don't be that mad — ." Lennie moved the pistol from his temple. "Like that's so sad. Man, Marcia's just about out of her head . . . call this number at once."

Lennie copied the number. The radio switched back to a general frequency and he went into the phone booth. He conversed for almost an hour in the cramped phone booth. Then he dialed the number. The first thing she said was, "Everything's cool, man, like you make it here."

"But —" he said.

"Now never mind, man," she argued. "You just like make it."

"Where?" said the operator.

"The Fat Man's," said Marcia. "Like everything's jumping."

The Fat Man's hype was way out. A six-headed porter took his bag as he stepped off the saucer and Lennie asked him how to get to the joint.

"Two blocks up and then disappear in a cloud of smoke," said the stud's fifth head.

Having followed these convenient directions, Lennie found himself in the middle of absolutely nowhere. The crazy thing is, he hasn't come down yet. And, man, this is the end.

You are invited

to tune in to

WOPA

AM *and* **FM**

Your Community Radio Station

AM—1490 KC

FM—102.3 MC

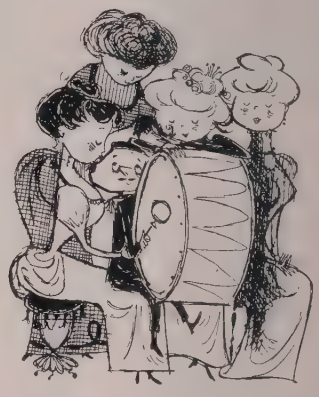
BROADCAST FROM ATOP THE OAK PARK ARMS HOTEL

Oak Park, Illinois

Village 8-5760

As We Were

75 YEARS AGO. After a sensational trial in May, 1880, Clarence Davis, a drummer, was sentenced to five years in prison for simultaneous possession of **four wives.** Number four gave number one a black eye while the court was in session . . . Supporters of General Grant for the Presidency were victorious in the Cook county Republican primary . . . The new city council named Alderman Cullerton to the finance committee, Alderman Young to the judiciary committee, Alderman Burke to schools and Alderman Murphy to streets and alleys . . . The schools banned **corporal punishment** after complaints that teachers hit too hard.



50 YEARS AGO. In May, 1905, Martin B. Lewis, a South Side contractor, stationed himself in front of the city hall and began **giving away $10,000** in nickels and dimes on the theory that it would discourage crime. He had disposed of $150 when he was arrested for disorderly conduct . . . Big street fights occurred daily as 4,000 striking teamsters harassed 1,200 nonunion drivers. Children of the teamsters staged walkouts in twelve schools to protest coal deliveries by the strikebreakers . . . Police records showed that there had been **16 auto accidents** since the first of the year, resulting in 20 injuries, but no deaths.

25 YEARS AGO. First contracts for the Outer drive bridge were let in May, 1930 . . . Work was started on the administration building, first unit in the **Century of Progress** exposition . . . The $1,000,000 Adler planetarium, first such institution in the country, held its grand opening . . . Israel Balaban, retired wholesaler grocer and father of the movie Balabans, applied for a passport for a European tour and thereby discovered that he wasn't an American citizen, tho he had been voting for 50 years . . . Cubs pitcher **Hal Carlson** died suddenly in a Sheffield avenue hotel from hemorrhages brought on by ulcers.

Flying High on a Low Budget

Since the adoption of pay-later, five times as many people are going to Europe by air

by Wade Franklin

This season it has become possible for a man with $344.80 in cash and a steady job to spend his vacation shooting big game in Africa. Aside from such incidental costs as $28 for license to kill a lion, the sportsman will pay for his safari on the installment plan for the following 20 months.

Honeymoons are also available by time payment: to Bermuda, for example, at $422 payable ten per cent down and $32 monthly for a year.

The development that has made luxury travel an immediate possibility for people who used to have to save for months or years in advance is "Go Now — Pay Later." Pan American World Airways introduced the idea last May 1 and it was subsequently adopted by more than 100 airlines and many travel agencies.

This, it is the field's consensus, is the greatest stimulant to travel that has come along in years. In the first eight months of its operation Pan American alone sold more than $3,000,000 worth of trips, and the company estimates that at least 90 per cent of that is new business which it wouldn't have got without the pay-later plan. About 80 per cent of those taking advantage of the pay-later arrangement wouldn't have been able to go at all.

And the test: so far there hasn't been a single default on payments.

The time-pay plan is not a new idea in travel. A few railroads, in fact, put delayed payment plans into effect several years ago and there have been some tour-Europe plans, but Pan American made the whole thing practical and offered it at nationwide sales points on an easy-to-buy basis.

Later Trans World Airlines, which had long been working on its own methods of financing, American Express and many other travel companies came along with their own pay-later offerings, most of them requiring a ten per cent down payment but some offering trips on a no-down-payment basis. All of them have become sensationally successful.

When analyzing the situation that existed before pay-later, Pan American reasoned thus: Travel is hard to buy. Everything else is easy to buy. To compete in this consumer market we must have a time-payment merchandising medium.

Travel is competing for the consumer dollar with autos, television sets, refrigerators and an almost endless list of other attractive but not necessarily essential things. The consumer market has become dependent on the monthly payment.

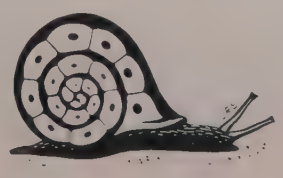
Despite the fact that the airplane has made a neighborhood of the world, and Americans have become more world-minded than ever before, international travel — which Pan American, with its worldwide routes, is most concerned with — has not attracted the volume of traffic the carriers feel should be theirs. Strange as it seems, there were more Americans visiting Europe before World War I than go there today.

Financing pay-later was a tough problem, and until Pan American licked that one the whole idea was impractical.

Banks were not equipped to handle time-payment travel. Laws governing their activity in volume consumer finance were unwieldly; varying interest rates were in effect around the country; there was no nationwide handling organization.

What was needed was a standard time-payment plan, available in Pan Am's offices and those of 1,500 travel agents, without collateral or co-signers.

That is exactly what the airline worked out with the Beneficial Management Corp., one of the largest financial institutions of its kind.



According to George L. Strehlke, Pan Am's district sales manager, nearly 300 Chicagoans financed trips at his offices here the first eight months the pay-later plan was in effect. They obligated themselves to pay out nearly $150,000 on a monthly basis.

"And despite the fact the plan is still new," Strehkle said, "we already are getting repeat business. We've had one customer who has gone to London twice, and others have arranged trips to different areas."

Who takes go-now, pay-later trips?

Many young couples decide to take a honeymoon trip they'll always remember. But the customers are coming from all levels.

A stenographer in Miami financed a $33 trip to Havana. An immigrant father brought his family from Europe for $720. A wealthy businessman used the plan to buy $4,000 worth of round-the-world travel for his son.

While the plan was largely devised for and is mostly used by people who can afford to take trips no other way, many who are well off also are making use of it. Planking down several thousand dollars at one crack isn't always easy when money is tied up.

Pan American has found that its Caribbean junkets are the most popular, with trips to Europe not far behind. South America also is becoming a popular destination.

TWA's most popular trips on credit are to Los Angeles, with central Europe not far behind.

As one of the great airlines of the world, with 33,000 miles to fly over both domestic and international scheduled routes, TWA has become a leader in the fly-now pay-later movement.

The Skyliner Tours of Europe brochure which can be picked up at TWA's Loop offices lists in detail more than 20 all-expense tours. During the season, which runs from April thru October, tours range in price from $661 for ten days in England and

CERAMIC AND ENAMEL HOBBYISTS

All materials, supplies and equipment for your hobby can now be found at Illini Ceramic Service. If it is available, we carry it.

We have the most complete stock of:

- Ceramic materials, clays, glazes and kilns
- Chemicals and raw materials
- Kilns, tools and equipment
- Enameling supplies

Come to your department store for all materials, equipment and supplies

ILLINI CERAMIC SERVICE, INC.

163 West Illinois Street, Chicago 10, Illinois Michigan 2-3367

start the day right with

Everett Mitchell

TOWN & FARM

6:45 a.m. daily

Dave Garroway

TODAY

7:00 a.m. daily

LEN O'CONNOR

and the News

7:25 a.m. - 7:55 a.m. - 8:25 a.m. - 8:55 a.m.

Monday thru Friday

WNBQ Channel 5

NBC TELEVISION . . . a service of RCA

France to $1,608 for a 49-day grand tour of Europe.

TWA also has some more exotic offerings, such as the African safari, or an Indian shikar.

The tourist can hunt antelope, leopards, rhinoceros, zebras or elephants (providing their tusks weigh 22 pounds or more) in East Africa on a 60-day around-the-world safari for $344.80 down and $180 a month for 20 months.

The African safari is outfitted at Nairobi for two weeks on the prowl thru what was once known as the dark continent. A guide will line up gun bearers, skinners, cooks, servants, drivers, camp porters, canvas bathtubs, sleeping tents, latrine tents, mosquito netting, all essential camping equipment, food, emergency medicine chest, trunks and safari vehicles. A license for general animals costs $84, but it's extra for shooting a sable antelope, cheetah, elephant, leopard, lion or rhinoceros. Roan or pigmy antelopes, buffalo and zebras come under the "general" classification.

The Indian shikar is that country's version of the safari with a different terrain and some change in targets. The Bengal tiger, for instance, will replace the lion in the tourist's gunsight.

Other TWA tour offerings available on the time-payment plan are to the Holy Land, one featuring a trip up Mount Sinai on camelback and Easter in Jerusalem, and another a 24-day special tour of Israel and Europe — to be conducted by Harold Shapiro, mayor of Miami Beach.

TWA offers two types of time pay plan trips, the conducted tour and the individual trip which may contain little or much advance arrangement.

Time pay applications are available at the ticket counter. TWA asks no co-signers and will notify the applicant within a few days. Checking is done by usual credit procedures.

The airline itself decides whether to approve the application, which it does in six out of seven cases, and then forwards the paper to the Pacific Finance company of Los Angeles, which set up the plan.

TWA also has what it calls "the quick 66," which means that if the unpaid balance on a credit application is $66 or less a ticket will be issued immediately.

Not all airlines or travel firms have offered pay-later plans. The idea has inspired many a gag, such as the one about sending the around-the-world credit customer back the other way if he defaults on payments. One airline is said to have advised its customers, "We have a unique plan: pay now — go later."

But the trend is toward a boom.

Ode on a Grecian Tureen

by Richard Dunlop

Greek meets Greek for a glass of raki in the Athens restaurant at the delta where Halsted, Harrison and Blue Island intersect. They sip the milk of the lioness, as the fiery liquor is called, and devour hearty dishes such as baked macaroni, pastachio a la jerry and stuffed green pepper.

A diner with the appetite of Epicurus seats himself in the Olympian room and eats his way from anchovies thru chicken avgolemono soup and lamb pilaff to the honeyed pastries, baklava or galatoboureko, served with rich Greek coffee. Over his head Greek and American flags frame a large picture of Periclean Athens at the height of its glory. Murals of the Greek gods grace the walls so that Zeus is aiming his thunderbolt across the room at a cold-eyed Minerva. Diana draws her bow and Mercury appropriately hastens on winged feet towards the kitchen. Statues of Venus are spaced at intervals and old-fashioned chandeliers hold nests of tastefully shaded bulbs.

The Athens is the undisputed gustatory center of the Greek community in Chicago. It is run by a slight, mustached man with incredibly kindly eyes peering from behind thick glasses. He is Apostle Paul Flabouras, who generally is called by his first name (in his own pronounciation of it, the *t* is very distinct) and who, despite his gentle mien, is a nine-times-wounded military hero of Greece and commander of the 60,000-member Greek War Veterans of America. His brother, Gen. Alexander Flabouras, was the architect of Greece's repulse of Italy's ill-conceived invasion in 1940.

Apostle suggested an Athenian salad. It started out as an ordinary tossed salad, but Greek feta cheese, anchovies and olive oil rendered it exotic and tiny peppers added their fierce bite to the flavor.

"My father was an Orthodox priest," Apostle said, smilingly surveying the pepper-induced tears in the diner's eyes. "He was married before he went into the priesthood and had eleven children. He was a deeply religious man, and that is why he gave me my saintly name."

A roguish twinkle lighted up his eyes. "Ah, but even with a saintly name a man can be a saint but a small part of the time."

The waiters moved with patriarchal dignity about their tasks, and the service was smooth and efficient. The chicken avgolemono soup was placed on the table; it had a surprising tang of lemon in it.

"But saintly names are not unusual in Zakythos. That is where I was born, and you may have read about my native town in the papers. It was the center of the destruction in the earthquake of 1953. We Greeks in Chicago sent thousands of dollars to help the poor people whose houses had been tumbled down by the sick earth."

During the lamb pilaff, which simply is lamb served with rice, Apostle told how he started the restaurant some ten years ago. There were no fine Greek restaurants in the city, and one day at lunch in a short-order beanery the Greek proprietor sadly acknowledged as much and asked him why he didn't open a restaurant "like the great restaurants of Athens."

Apostle, a successful real estate dealer and owner of a flourishing string of grocery stores, demurred then, but the idea kept recurring.

Why not start a Greek restaurant where Greeks and Americans alike could eat traditional Hellenic cooking? Apostle had no desire to become a restaurateur, but he liked meeting people. He rented space, hired decorators and set about making the Athens a reality.

The waiter brought a piece of galatoboureko, which has the crisp honeyed pastry of baklava surrounding a custard center. With it he served a cup of Greek coffee. Greek coffee is exact-

Fanny's Column

by Fanny Lazzar

IT WAS EASTER SUNDAY year 1912 . . . dear aunt Omega had taken me to the cathedral in Lucca. LUCCA, A LABYRINTH OF little streets, narrow and crooked . . . a city full of picturesque courtyards, churches wherein are paintings of such colorings that after centuries they are still vivid . . . churches with ceilings of carved wood grown black with time . . . and beams crossing each other curiously overhead. The cathedral profusely ornamented; its doors marvels of beauty . . . somber statues all around . . . that looked indescribably charming when a ray of sunlight fell upon them.

ON THIS DAY I WAS IN NO mood for church . . . and so while dear aunt Omega was devoutly praying . . . I wandered out. The street was lined with booths with all sorts of things, embroideries, antiques, pictures, sculptures, and reliquaries. I walked down one tiny crooked street into another . . . beautiful children in rags . . . a sacristan in velvet . . . dogs barking . . . a peasant singing "Il Miserere" . . . another whistling "Aida" . . . everybody gay and laughing . . . life in Italy is so fantastic, reckless, fiery yet gentle like its sun . . . oh what charm.

I BOUGHT VIOLETS FROM A toothless old woman who might have passed for the mummy Tutankhamen . . . and a "gelato" from a young woman who looked like a virgin of Raphael's . . . such round face and rosy cheeks.

A LITTLE GIRL IN RAGS hoots me . . . I stop and ask her why . . . "You have a pretty dress . . . I have never had one in my whole life." My knees tremble . . . my head throbs . . . inconceivable . . . a girl without a dress . . . ever . . . I hesitate not a moment . . . I slip out of my lovely white lace dress and give it to the child . . . her large brown eyes are tear filled . . . the look of gratitude intermingled with a sadness and supreme happiness . . . fills my heart with a joy to last a lifetime . . . many years later I saw a painting of Bastien-LePage's of a little girl guarding some cows in a field . . . and in astonishment I saw that Bastien's little girl had the same look . . . a chiaroscuro as it were . . . of sadness and happiness . . . as my little girl in rags.

Fanny's

WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT

1601 Simpson St. Evanston, Ill.

GR 5-8686

ingly roasted and then powdered. It has unusual fragrance and can be precisely varied to suit individual preference of strength.

At the next table a solemn Greek businessman was sipping his coffee and smoking a cigar. Apostle jumped up, nodded to the solemn Greek and was off to bid good night to three politicians from the mayor's office. A young Greek couple discreetly held hands beneath the table, and Greek letters marched across the page of a newspaper in the hands of a father who read intently while his wife and children talked in soft, excited voices.

"The politicians come here, and the poor people, too. Bill Stratton drops in," Apostle said, returning to the table. "I know them all and like them. Maybe I pay a little more attention to some. You know how it is. I have maybe 1,500 autographs of famous people in my collection."

But more than anything else, the Athens is a restaurant which on holidays becomes the true center of the Greek community's social life. On New Year's Eve there is a tumultuous celebration to the screaming of gypsy fiddles. On Greek Easter, which follows the date celebrated by the western church, Greeks and their friends thruout the city gather at the Athens. By noon the restaurant is filled with gayly dressed people in a festive mood.

At twelve o'clock sharp the lights are switched off, and in the windowless darkness each person holds up a lighted candle in a holder of red, blue, green or white. While the flickering flames illuminate the faces of old men and women, boys and girls, a violin, a guitar and a mandolin begin playing the ancient Easter music of the Greek Orthodox church.

The music is grave and stately. Sometimes the people sing with the musicians; sometimes the mandolin plays a melody that was centuries old when the Turks appeared outside the walls of the great Byzantine city of Constantinople.

"Christus Anesti! Christus Anesti!" the people sing.

The lights blaze on, and everyone kisses his neighbor and laughs.

In the kitchens since shortly after midnight the cooks have been barbecuing lambs on rotating spits. For seven or eight hours they have been simmering the famous mageritsa soup, made of liver and spices and pilaff. The musicians strike up gay tunes of springtime, and the people sip the mageritsa. The barbecued lamb pilaff is brought out, along with red wine, Athenian salads and dozens of Greek pastries and coffee. It is a feast which Greeks and their friends alike long remember.

EXCLUSIVE!

CHICAGO CUBS and WHITE SOX home day games on . . .

WGN-TV

Channel 9

Game Time 1:30 P.M.
Batting Practice 1:00 P.M.
Leadoff Man 1:10 P.M.
10th Inning 3:45 P.M.

In Chicago . . . it's Chicago Magazine

In Milwaukee it's . . . . . .

Radio Station

"THE CENTER AISLE ON THE RADIO DIAL"

. . . Where the most popular disc jockeys in Mil**woky** are heard **24 hours** a day with music, news and sports.

SERVING 54% OF WISCONSIN'S POPULATION

The Fine Arts Quartet

irtsleeve rehearsal on mball hall stage begins bout 10 a.m. and lasts all ay. Profile above belongs cellist, George Sopkin; olist, Irving Ilmer, watches llo out of corner of eye; earing T-shirt is Abram ft, second violin; plaid irt is Leonard Sorkin, first olin. Average age of the ayers is 35 years; aver- ge of their instruments, 30 years.

hotographs by William Miller

by John Mottier

Breaking an Unsound Barrier

The world of chamber music inhabits a rarified atmosphere of intellectualized abstractions — or so it is said. The business world, on the other hand, is essentially bound to the hard and real factors of dollars and cents — if you believe common opinion. Each a world unto itself; ne'er the twain shall meet. But, uniquely, they have and in spite of such oversimplified notions. The result was a series of 13 weekly concerts given by the Fine Arts quartet at Kimball hall that concluded in March, the longest chamber music series within Chicago's memory.

To prove the venture no impetuous affair, a second series is projected to begin early next September.

The project originated in the fertile minds guiding radio station WFMT. Early last year Fine Arts and WFMT were associated in a series of live audio broadcasts that evoked significant response. Out of this a hope grew that a repeat could be accomplished, but this time with a live audience. Tho well within the technical facilities of the station, the project was well beyond its budget.

In the past this impasse had been thought final. The traditional appeal of opera in the grand style, or of an orchestra's huge sound, might attract capital, but sponsored chamber music was considered a contradiction in terms. Not so this time. Bernie Jacobs of WFMT will admit the idea breaks new ground but not that it is strange. To hear him talk about it, nothing could be more *natural* than commercially sponsored chamber music, at least when the sponsor is the country's largest distributor of hi fi equipment. Allied Radio corporation agreed with him wholeheartedly, and what began as a noble dream ended as a reality. That's more, Jacobs affirms that the sponsor did nothing but add to the results. The aesthetic side of this coin from Allied Radio was the complete freedom granted Fine Arts in programming the concerts: the material side was the extraordinarily low admission price, only 50 cents, with free coffee at intermission.

Jacobs' emphasis upon the naturalness of the alliance is well taken. It doesn't require a hybrid concerto for a thousand percussion and one harpsichord to test an audio system. When four beautiful instruments are blended and integrated by a string quartet, the finest hi fi equipment is challenged. From its end, WFMT met the challenge well, after it got rid of the transmission trouble it had the first three weeks. The acoustics in Kimball hall were the only dampening element soundwise, but there was nought to be done about that.

THESE ARE ALL considerations of the means to an end. The heart of the matter is the music. It would be difficult to imagine how the Fine Arts quartet could have better justified the forces mobilized behind it. In a word, the end result was great.

The primary musical asset of Fine Arts is a strong sense of the dynamic proportions of the music they play. Without it a string quartet would be dull indeed. To possess it so consummately allows them to produce music with the sureness and conviction which are the indispensable catalysts for cohesive reproduction of a composer's statement. George Sopkin, the cellist, notably provides a firm ground for the dynamic energy of the group.

Typical of this dynamism is the full weight they are careful to give to the middle voices, the second violin and the viola, thereby conveying the full dimensions of the music. This dimensional quality is furthered by the tonally balanced relationship of each instrument with respect to the other three. Their instruments were carefully chosen in these terms. Leonard Sorkin's Stradivarius, Abram Loft's Balestrieri, Irving Ilmer's da Salo viola, and Sopkin's Gofriller are made to blend or to speak out as the music demands.

The four members of the ensemble are very much aware of this unified give-and-take between them as the essence of their idiom. The means of communication in music for a string quartet are in a sense the simplest a composer can use, yet potentially capable of the greatest rewards to the listener. For documentation, look no further than the Beethoven last quartets.

Yet, Fine Arts is also aware that some sort of unnatural block toward chamber music exists in many people who would go to hear opera or a symphony concert, but who still consider chamber music too difficult, strictly for the highbrows. Right now the quartet is involved in making a movie for Encyclopaedia Britannica Films about chamber music, which will have its widest anticipated audience among young adolescents. Hopefully, the film will acquaint its audience with the form before the mental block can be built up.

Likewise, it would have been hard to retain such a block for long at one of the Kimball hall concerts. Very much conscious of themselves as four individuals acting together to communicate a composer's ideas to this particular audience, the group managed to convey a sense of convinced urgency which could scarcely fail to elicit an emphatic reaction.

Obviously such achievement in so personal a form of musical communication requires personal as well as musical assets. They are, of necessity, flexible people. At rehearsal, problems of interpretation arise which could bring two dogmatic critics to blows. Sorkin et al quickly dispose of these differences on the basis of their community of musical experience, usually retaining what is valid in differing ideas. It is much like the dialog of tension and resolution that goes on in their music. At the same time they are careful to avoid the lowest common denominator. They must assume full responsibility for their music, having no conductor to take the brunt of the morning-after criticism.

A sense of humor is also such a personal asset. Their concentrated effort is tempered during brief periods of relaxation at rehearsal by easy-going repartee. Then we discover that the last movement of the Beethoven Ninth Quartet is a jam session in sonata form. Or Loft, having just had

Everybody's talking about Slenderella International, the new fabulous slenderizing system that takes off weight—improves posture—makes *you* the size *you ought* to be. It's so new . . . so different . . . so-o-o pleasant . . . 'phone today for your Free Trial Visit . . . You can't help but love it.

slenderella

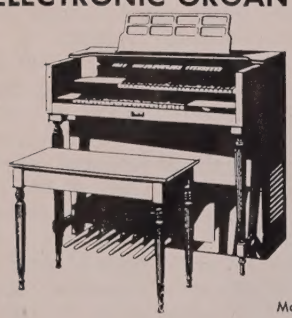
Clothes by Bramson, Chicago

Paris • New York • Chicago and Principal Cities
30 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill • ANdover 3-1642

THE "TRADITIONAL" TONE

Minshall

ELECTRONIC ORGAN



Model S

CLASSICALLY DESIGNED FOR HOME OR CHURCH

- Duetone Speakers
- Tone-Arama Sound
- Correct Placement of Manuals
- True 8′ and 16′ Pedals
- Easy to Play

Gamble Hinged Music Co.
312 S. Wabash Ave. • Chicago 4

HOME OF THE Bösendorfer PIANO

Sorkin cradles his Stradivarius under his arm and wrinkles his brow as he discusses a passage in a Haydn quartet.

a rough time of it, quips, "Wait! I'll wipe my glasses. You'll see, then I'll play all the notes." The return to the business at hand then comes easily.

Away from rehearsal they relax completely and leave the music packed with their instruments. At lunch their conversation ran thru ancedotes about conductors, Charles Addams, and their children. They have a potential baseball team of collective offspring, or a start on a third quartet, depending upon the point of view.

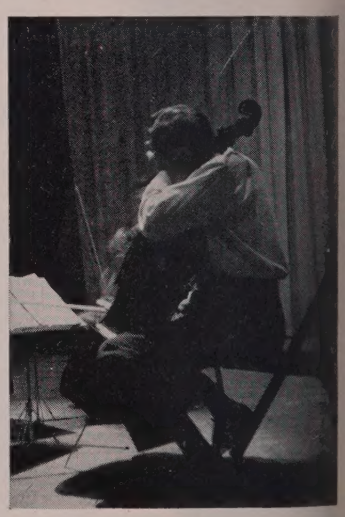
THE FINE ARTS quartet as such has been in existence for nearly ten years, tho Irving Ilmer is only in his third year and Abram Loft in his first with the group. The old hands, Sorkin and Sopkin, were playing music together while still kids and neighbors. Both were in the Chicago Symphony orchestra in the era of Frederick Stock, and both played in chamber groups at private homes in the "salami circuit" (good music, plain food, appreciative audiences) and the "schnecken brigade" (good music, dainty food, dilettante audiences).

Sopkin left the symphony to join the Pro Arte quartet at the University of Wisconsin for a year in the early forties; later, while in the army, he and Sorkin made contact again. Their resolution to form a permanent chamber group dates from the war years, and they have remained the nucleus of Fine Arts from the first. Ilmer came to the organization from the Chicago Symphony of Rafael Kubelik's days here, and Loft from a teaching post at Columbia, where he had received a Ph.D in musicology.

For eight years the ensemble gave weekly half-hour broadcasts over ABC, piling up nearly 400 performances. From first to last it was a sustaining program, no serious effort having been made to sell the time. Now they are in their third year as a resident quartet at Northwestern university, where they teach and give a dozen concerts a year. In their classes they particularly try to provide their students with some notion of style and interpretation as related to ensemble technique. They have concertized from Tanglewood to Los Angeles, but Chicago is definitely their home base. Last year they presided at the annual Ravinia chamber music week, and are currently making tape recordings for Webcor, a local outfit.

All this activity requires a tremendous repertoire. This year, for instance, they will perform about 75 different works, a figure which becomes more impressive upon considering that a quartet will usually average about 20 per year. It is not merely a question of drawing upon a backlog of worked-up interpretations. Each rehearsal for a new performance involves re-interpretation; "always refinements" is the way George Sopkin puts it.

They are not a perfect quartet, and it is very doubtful that such even exists. But the freshly re-creative approach they bring to their efforts endows their performances with an aspiration toward perfection worthy of the most profound music and the most discriminating audience.



Cellist, exhausted after several hours unbroken work, leans on his instrument.

Some months ago this column voiced the need for more opera and more chamber music in Chicago. We've got both, the chamber music in full measure. It was a lot to ask, even more to have received it.

The Onion Patch

Chicago ain't ready for fusion, judging from the results of the mayoral election. Actually, not many large cities ever are. With few exceptions, it has worked only when the party in power suffered a split that couldn't be repaired before the election, or when its candidate was patently lightweighted, or, especially, when both of these factors were present. In the last New York election, Rudolph Halley of Kefauver committee television fame saw his fusion bid founder badly when the Democrats put up a strong candidate in the person of Robert Wagner jr. And in 1933, when Fiorello LaGuardia was first elected, he polled only 40 per cent of the vote. Two Democrats divided 57 per cent almost equally.

The strong showing made here by the Democratic organization is evidence of the remarkable comeback it has made since the Dan Gilbert debacle of 1950. The outline of Democratic strategy in the mayoral election was foreseen by a number of political observers as early as two years ago. With Bob Merriam looming as a possible Republican candidate, the Democrats planned to dump Kennelly on the basis that he had been passive vis-a-vis the city council and would be blamed for its unpopular record. He would be replaced by a man with a strong personality and a clean record – probably Daley. Such a candidate could avoid defending the council's past activities at the same time that he gently implied that under his leadership it would do much better. This portion of the plan worked out smoothly except for the phase involving Kennelly. Party leaders hoped to persuade him to retire quietly, as they had done with Kelly eight years earlier. Instead, encouraged by the newspapers, Kennelly made a strong stand and had to be blasted out of office. The organization was equal to this task.

In the correct expectation that Daley would win the nomination, Merriam turned most of his guns on the Democratic organization and its candidate during the primary campaign, minimizing his criticism of the Kennelly administration. The Daley men thus had a chance to analyze Republican strategy before deciding on their own. They capitalized on it almost perfectly.

The Democratic plan, basically, had two elements: Emphasize national issues and party loyalty because most of the people in Chicago are Democrats, and turn back attacks on the organization by stressing the spotless personal record of its candidate, as well as his association with the Stevenson-Douglas-Lohman element of the party. This strategy worked so well that Merriam, despite his own brilliant record, was unable to lure many Democratic voters away. So the returns looked much like those from any other party battle here.

The election could be interpreted as a victory of St. Francis of Assisi over St. Thomas Aquinas – because of a press agent's mid-campaign inspiration. Daley had been ending many of his speeches with a quotation from St. Francis. When the two candidates appeared at the annual dinner of the Independent Voters of Illinois, one of Merriam's drumbeaters decided his candidate must also have a saint. He found a servicable line from St. Thomas which Merriam used to terminate his talk.

IT SEEMS LIKE somebody's always fighting about something around here. No sooner had the Daley-Merriam hostilities ceased than Sewell Avery and Louis Wolfson reached the climax of their pulling and tugging on rich old Montgomery Ward's. When Wolfson held his big meeting for Ward's stockholders in the grand ballroom of the Conrad Hilton, such eminently qualified citizens as Frank Lahey were on hand to help him carry the ball.

The room was well stocked with holders, and there was a marked absence of neutrality among them. More of them seemed to be against Wolfson than for him, but he carried the program thru smoothly with the help of a Southern drawl that seems to disarm more people than it arms. Wolfson's aides passed out forms reading "Kindly write any question you would like Mr. Wolfson to discuss on the reverse side of this card." A lot of Wolfson's fellow owners kindly did, and the question period ran far into the afternoon. Finally the master of ceremonies said, "It's been a long day and Mr. Wolfson is tired, so we'd like to wind this up as soon as possible. Shall we have any more questions?"

"Yes!" shouted scores of listeners.

But after one more had been asked and answered, the m.c. said, "Some of you must be getting pretty tired. There's coffee in the back of the room, and if you want to ask any more questions you can see Mr. Wolfson personally back there."

A large portion of the crowd then flowed to the rear of the ballroom, but a substantial number stayed at the front to catch the soothing phrases of that smooth South Bend talker, Lahey.

"If you have people happy they're going to work that much more efficiently," he explained to one man, "and then the communists can't attack."

Then a woman came up to him and said, "Mr. Lahey, I have a 16-year-old son who is debating between Notre Dame and Brown university."

Lahey looked thoughtful and replied, "Well, they're both – well, I guess I'm a little prejudiced."

A little later Lahey was talking to one man when another joined them. To the newcomer, the coach said, "I want you to hear the inspirational thing that Mr. Burns here told me."

Mr. Burns quoted himself: "Well, I said that if Mr. Lahey was going to be for Mr. Wolfson, then my brother and I were going to be for Mr. Wolfson, too."

THE ADVENT OF MOTHER'S DAY recalls the unique method of marking that festival used several years ago by a local disk jockey not noted for his inhibitions who was doing a show for Canadian Ace beer. The firm's publicity man persuaded the executives to use a sentimental tribute in lieu of the commercial on the holiday. He then prepared one saturated with mist and presented it to the dervish with a little coaching on how to present it. But when the moment for its delivery arrived, the rotator cleared his throat and intoned: "If you've got the kind of mother that likes a little snort now and then, get her some Canadian Ace."

– A. W.

BOUND VOLUME

of

Chicago

AS a reader of CHICAGO during the past 14 months, you have been in at the birth of a unique magazine, the voice and symbol of a unique city.

So you may wish to have a complete set of the first 12 issues (March, 1954 thru February, 1955), handsomely and strongly bound.

Each volume costs $10, and may be obtained by filling out and mailing in this coupon:

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY..... STATE.....

Check enclosed ☐ Bill me later ☐

LITTLE BILL says:
"I'll make 18 slices of toast electrically for just a penny!"

That's right—although everything else has gone up, you get almost *twice* as much electricity for your money today as you did 25 years ago.

COMMONWEALTH EDISON COMPANY

© Commonwealth Edison Company

Readers & Writers

We're Friendly Guys

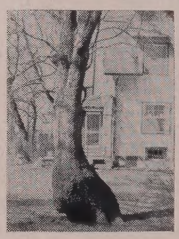
Sir: It was friendly of you to hand *me* that quote of the month [West of the Water Tower – March]; but, much as I should like to claim it, it is known to too many good Sherlockians for me to let the attribution stand. It was first said by E. W. Hornung, the creator of Raffles and the brother-in-law of Conan Doyle.

VINCENT STARRETT

The quote, "Tho he might be more humble, there's no police like Holmes," we picked up while listening to Mr. Starrett address a group composed of more Baker Street Irregulars than not. We were not.

Buying a Home Means Choosing a Trail Marker

Sir: Your photographer missed one of the Indian trees [Indian Trail Markers – January] on the North Shore. It graces the back yard of the house at 153 Bertling lane in Winnetka, and it is the reason, I am told, that my husband's family bought the house in the first place.



ELIZABETH DAVIS
Lexington, Ky.

Even More Uno

Sir: In referring to Riccardo's branch restaurant, the writer, in his otherwise commendable article on the late restaurateur [West of the Water Tower – January] makes the serious error of implying the Pizzeria Uno "may have been the first pizzeria in town." True and old-time devotees of pizza know that the Uno is a Johnnie-come-lately in local pizza history. To my knowledge, the first pizzeria is Granato's on Taylor street just a block west of Halsted. For another really good feature and for really good pizza, send your man over to the true pizzeria uno.

HERBERT C. KALK

Life in the Big Village

Sir: The day after I read your article on the man who takes care of the old cars at the Museum of Science and Industry, [The Older They Are the Less They Daunt DeLaunty – April] I saw an electric parked on one of the main streets of Oak Park with a prim old lady sitting inside.

JOHN SENNING

Scenarists, Arise

Sir: I read with great interest your "First Nights in a Barroom" [Theater – January] containing the plans for a new sort of theater. Dave Shepherd's idea seems fundamentally sound and offers exciting possibilities. However, the article neglected to mention where to send the scripts which Mr. Shepherd seeks so desperately.

ALEX HASSILEV

David Shepherd may be addressed at Box 7012, Chicago. He reports that his barroom theater idea is collecting momentum and that he is still on the lookout for short, fast-moving scripts.

FOR THE BEST IN MUSIC . . .

Flying to Europe? . . . .

. . . . . then fly

SABENA

(Belgian World Airlines)

Your Best Buy In The Sky!

as advertised on your good music station

ON AM 1330 | 105 ON FM